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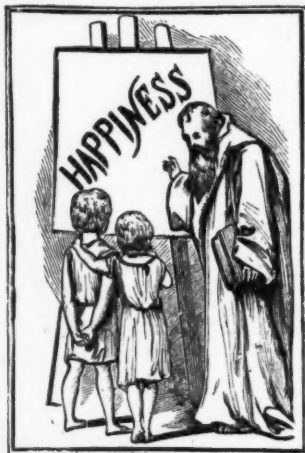
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London: LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO., 39 Paternoster Row
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WORK IS OUR LIFE

*'Show me what you can do,
And I will show you what you are.'*



LORD STANLEY (now Earl of Derby) in an Address to the Students of Glasgow, said: 'As work is our life, show me what you can do, and I will show you what you are.'

**'WHO ARE THE HAPPY, WHO ARE THE FREE?
YOU TELL ME, AND I'LL TELL THEE.'**

Those who have tongues that never lie,
Truth on the lip, truth in the eye,
To Friend or to Foe,
To all above, and to all below;

**THESE ARE THE HAPPY, THESE ARE THE FREE
SO MAY IT BE WITH THEE AND ME.'**

What higher aim can man attain than conquest over human pain?

Drawing an Overdraft on the Bank of Life.

Late Hours, Fagged, unnatural Excitement, Breathing Impure Air, too Rich Food, Alcoholic Drink, Gouty, Rheumatic, and other Blood Poisons, Fevers, Feverish Colds, Influenza, Sleeplessness, Bilioussness, Sick Headache, Skin Eruptions, Pimples, on the Face, Want of Appetite, Sourness of Stomach, &c. It prevents Diarrhoea, and removes it in the early stages.

Use ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.'

It is Pleasant, Cooling, Health-giving, Refreshing,
and Invigorating.

You cannot overstate its great value in keeping the Blood Pure and free from Disease.

TO ALL LEAVING HOME FOR A CHANGE.—Don't go without a bottle of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' It prevents any over-acid state of the blood. It should be kept in every bedroom, in readiness for any emergency. Be careful to avoid rash acidulated salines, and use ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' to prevent the bile becoming too thick and (impure) producing a gummy, viscous, clammy stickiness or adhesiveness in the mucous membrane of the intestinal canal, frequently the pivot of diarrhoea and disease. ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' prevents and removes diarrhoea in the early stages. Without such a simple precaution the jeopardy of life is immensely increased. There is no doubt that where it has been taken in the earliest stages of a disease it has in many instances prevented what would otherwise have been a severe illness.

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.'—A Gentleman states:—'In cases of bilious headaches, followed by severe attacks of Malaria Fever (INFLUENZA), ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' has acted like a charm.'

SICK HEADACHE.—'Onslow Gardens, London, S.W. September 10th, 1882.'

Sir,—Allow me to express to you my gratitude for the wonderful preventive of Sick Headache which you have given to the world in your "FRUIT SALT." For two years and a half I have suffered much from sick headache, and seldom passed a week without one or more attacks. Five months ago I commenced taking your "FRUIT SALT" daily, and have not had one headache during that time. Whereas formerly everything but the plainest food disagreed with me, I am now almost indifferent as to diet. One quality your medicine has above others of its kind is that to it the patient does not become a slave, and I am now finding myself able gradually to discontinue its use. I cannot thank you sufficiently for conferring on me such benefit, and if this letter can be used in any way, I shall be really glad, merely begging that the initials only of my name may be published.—I am, Sir, yours faithfully, TRUTH.

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.'—A Lady writes:—'I think you will be glad to hear that

I find your "FRUIT SALT" a most valuable remedy; and I can assure you I recommend it to all my friends, and the result is always satisfactory. Everything—medicine or food—ceased to act properly; for at least three months before I commenced taking it, the little food I could take generally punished me or returned. My life was one of great suffering, so that I must have succumbed before long. To me and our family it has been a great earthly blessing; I feel I cannot say too much for it. The least I can do is to do my best to make the "FRUIT SALT" known to other sufferers. I am getting better rapidly, and expect to totally recover, after spending hundreds of pounds, and travelling about for twelve years.'

HEADACHE AND DISORDERED STOMACH.—'After suffering two and a half years from severe headache and disordered stomach, and after trying almost everything without any benefit, I was recommended to try ENO'S "FRUIT SALT," and before I had finished one bottle I found it doing me a great deal of good, and am restored to my usual health; and others I know that have tried it have not enjoyed such good health for years. Yours most truly, ROBERT HUMPHREYS, Post Office, Barrasford.'

The value of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' cannot be told. Its success in Europe, Asia, Africa, America, Australia, and New Zealand proves it.

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.—Sterling honesty of purpose.—Without it Life is a sham.—'A new invention is brought before the public, and commands success. A score of abominable imitations are immediately introduced by the unscrupulous, who, in copying the original closely enough to deceive the public, and yet not so exactly as to infringe upon legal rights, exercise an ingenuity that, employed in an original channel, could not fail to secure reputation and profit.'—ADAMS.

CAUTION.—Examine each Bottle, and see that the Capsule is marked ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' Without it, you have been imposed on by a worthless imitation.

Prepared only at ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' Works, London, S.E.

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LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY 1893.

A Gentleman of France.

BEING THE MEMOIRS OF GASTON DE BONNE,
SIEUR DE MARSAC.

BY STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

CHAPTER IV.

MADEMOISELLE DE LA VIRE.

MY first desperate impulse on discovering the magnitude of my loss was to ride after the knaves and demand the token at the sword's point. The certainty, however, of finding them united, and the difficulty of saying which of the five possessed what I wanted, led me to reject this plan as I grew cooler; and since I did not dream, even in this dilemma, of abandoning the expedition, the only alternative seemed to be to act as if I still had the broken coin, and essay what a frank explanation might effect when the time came.

After some wretched, very wretched, moments of debate, I resolved to adopt this course; and, for the present, thinking I might gain some knowledge of the surroundings while the light lasted, I pushed cautiously forward through the trees and came in less than five minutes within sight of a corner of the chateau, which I found to be a modern building of the time of Henry II., raised, like the houses of that time, for pleasure rather than defence, and decorated with many handsome casements and tourelles. Despite this, it wore, as I saw it, a grey and desolate air,

due in part to the loneliness of the situation and the lateness of the hour ; and in part, I think, to the smallness of the household maintained, for no one was visible on the terrace or at the windows. The rain dripped from the trees, which on two sides pressed so closely on the house as almost to darken the rooms, and everything I saw encouraged me to hope that mademoiselle's wishes would second my entreaties, and incline her to lend a ready ear to my story.

The appearance of the house, indeed, was a strong inducement to me to proceed, for it was impossible to believe that a young lady, a kinswoman of the gay and vivacious Turenne, and already introduced to the pleasures of the Court, would elect of her own free will to spend the winter in so dreary a solitude.

Taking advantage of the last moments of daylight, I rode cautiously round the house, and, keeping in the shadow of the trees, had no difficulty in discovering at the north-east corner the balcony of which I had been told. It was semicircular in shape, with a stone balustrade, and hung some fifteen feet above a terraced walk which ran below it, and was separated from the chase by a low sunk fence.

I was surprised to observe that, notwithstanding the rain and the coldness of the evening, the window which gave upon this balcony was open. Nor was this all. Luck was in store for me at last. I had not gazed at the window more than a minute, calculating its height and other particulars, when, to my great joy, a female figure, closely hooded, stepped out and stood looking up at the sky. I was too far off to be able to discern by that uncertain light whether this was Mademoiselle de la Vire or her woman ; but the attitude was so clearly one of dejection and despondency, that I felt sure it was either one or the other. Determined not to let the opportunity slip, I dismounted hastily and, leaving the Cid loose, advanced on foot until I stood within half-a-dozen paces of the window.

At that point the watcher became aware of me. She started back, but did not withdraw. Still peering down at me, she called softly to some one inside the chamber, and immediately a second figure, taller and stouter, appeared. I had already doffed my cap, and I now, in a low voice, begged to know if I had the honour of speaking to Mademoiselle de la Vire. In the growing darkness it was impossible to distinguish faces.

'Hush !' the stouter figure muttered in a tone of warning. 'Speak lower. Who are you, and what do you here ?'

'I am here,' I answered respectfully, 'commissioned by a friend of the lady I have named, to convey her to a place of safety.'

'*Mon dieu!*' was the sharp answer. 'Now? It is impossible.'

'No,' I murmured, 'not now, but to-night. The moon rises at half-past two. My horses need rest and food. At three I will be below this window with the means of escape, if mademoiselle choose to use them.'

I felt that they were staring at me through the dusk, as though they would read my breast. 'Your name, sir?' the shorter figure murmured at last, after a pause which was full of suspense and excitement.

'I do not think my name of much import at present, Mademoiselle,' I answered, reluctant to proclaim myself a stranger. 'When——'

'Your name, your name, sir!' she repeated imperiously, and I heard her little heel rap upon the stone floor of the balcony.

'Gaston de Marsac,' I answered unwillingly.

They both started, and cried out together. 'Impossible!' the last speaker exclaimed, amazement and anger in her tone. 'This is a jest, sir. This——'

What more she would have said I was left to guess, for at that moment her attendant—I had no doubt now which was mademoiselle and which Fanchette—suddenly laid her hand on her mistress's mouth and pointed to the room behind them. A second's suspense, and with a warning gesture the two turned and disappeared through the window.

I lost no time in regaining the shelter of the trees; and concluding, though I was far from satisfied with the interview, that I could do nothing more now, but might rather, by loitering in the neighbourhood, awaken suspicion, I remounted and made for the highway and the village, where I found my men in noisy occupation of the inn, a poor place, with unglazed windows, and a fire in the middle of the earthen floor. My first care was to stable the Cid in a shed at the back, where I provided for its wants as far as I could with the aid of a half-naked boy, who seemed to be in hiding there.

This done, I returned to the front of the house, having pretty well made up my mind how I would set about the task before me. As I passed one of the windows, which was partially closed by a rude curtain made of old sacks, I stopped to look in. Fresnoy and his four rascals were seated on blocks of wood round the hearth, talking loudly and fiercely, and ruffling it as if the fire and the room

were their own. A pedlar, seated on his goods in one corner, was eyeing them with evident fear and suspicion; in another corner two children had taken refuge under a donkey, which some fowls had chosen as a roosting-pole. The innkeeper, a sturdy fellow, with a great club in his fist, sat moodily at the foot of a ladder which led to the loft above, while a slatternly woman, who was going to and fro getting supper, seemed in equal terror of her guests and her goodman.

Confirmed by what I saw, and assured that the villains were ripe for any mischief, and, if not checked, would speedily be beyond my control, I noisily flung the door open and entered. Fresnoy looked up with a sneer as I did so, and one of the men laughed. The others became silent; but no one moved or greeted me. Without a moment's hesitation I stepped to the nearest fellow and, with a sturdy kick, sent his log from under him. 'Rise, you rascal, when I enter!' I cried, giving vent to the anger I had long felt. 'And you, too!' and with a second kick I sent his neighbour's stool flying also, and administered a couple of cuts with my riding-cane across the man's shoulders. 'Have you no manners, sirrah? Across with you, and leave this side to your betters.'

The two rose, snarling and feeling for their weapons, and for a moment stood facing me, looking now at me and now askance at Fresnoy. But as he gave no sign, and their comrades only laughed, the men's courage failed them at the pinch, and with a very poor grace they sneaked over to the other side of the fire and sat there scowling.

I seated myself beside their leader. 'This gentleman and I will eat here,' I cried to the man at the foot of the ladder. 'Bid your wife lay for us, and of the best you have; and do you give those knaves their provender where the smell of their greasy jackets will not come between us and our victuals.'

The man came forward, glad enough, as I saw, to discover any one in authority, and very civilly began to draw wine and place a board for us, while his wife filled our platters from the black pot which hung over the fire. Fresnoy's face meanwhile wore the amused smile of one who comprehended my motives, but felt sufficiently sure of his position and influence with his followers to be indifferent to my proceedings. I presently showed him, however, that I had not yet done with him. Our table was laid in obedience to my orders at such a distance from the men that they could not overhear our talk, and by-and-by I leant over to him.

'M. Fresnoy,' I said, 'you are in danger of forgetting one thing, I fancy, which it behoves you to remember.'

'What?' he muttered, scarcely deigning to look up at me.

'That you have to do with Gaston de Marsac,' I answered quietly. 'I am making, as I told you this morning, a last attempt to recruit my fortunes, and I will let no man—no man, do you understand, M. Fresnoy?—thwart me and go harmless.'

'Who wishes to thwart you?' he asked impudently.

'You,' I answered unmoved, helping myself, as I spoke, from the roll of black bread which lay beside me. 'You robbed me this afternoon; I passed it over. You encouraged those men to be insolent; I passed it over. But let me tell you this. If you fail me to-night, on the honour of a gentleman, M. Fresnoy, I will run you through as I would spit a lark.'

'Will you? But two can play at that game,' he cried, rising nimbly from his stool. 'Still better six! Don't you think, M. de Marsac, you had better have waited——?'

'I think you had better hear one word more,' I answered coolly, keeping my seat, 'before you appeal to your fellows there.'

'Well,' he said, still standing, 'what is it?'

'Nay,' I replied, after once more pointing to his stool in vain, 'if you prefer to take my orders standing, well and good.'

'Your orders?' he shrieked, growing suddenly excited.

'Yes, my orders!' I retorted, rising as suddenly to my feet and hitching forward my sword. 'My orders, sir,' I repeated fiercely, 'or, if you dispute my right to command as well as to pay this party, let us decide the question here and now—you and I, foot to foot, M. Fresnoy.'

The quarrel flashed up so suddenly, though I had been preparing it all along, that no one moved. The woman, indeed, fell back to her children, but the rest looked on open-mouthed. Had they stirred, or had a moment's hurly-burly heated his blood, I doubt not Fresnoy would have taken up my challenge, for he did not lack hardihood. But as it was, face to face with me in the silence, his courage failed him. He paused, glowering at me uncertainly, and did not speak.

'Well,' I said, 'don't you think that if I pay I ought to give orders, sir?'

'Who wishes to oppose your orders?' he muttered, drinking off a bumper, and sitting down with an air of impudent bravado, assumed to hide his discomfiture.

'If you don't, no one else does,' I answered. 'So that is settled. Landlord, some more wine.'

He was very sulky with me for a while, fingering his glass in silence and scowling at the table. He had enough gentility to feel the humiliation to which he had exposed himself, and a sufficiency of wit to understand that that moment's hesitation had cost him the allegiance of his fellow-ruffians. I hastened, therefore, to set him at his ease by explaining my plans for the night, and presently succeeded beyond my hopes; for when he heard who the lady was whom I proposed to carry off, and that she was lying that evening at the Chateau de Chizé, his surprise swept away the last trace of resentment. He stared at me as at a maniac.

'Mon Dieu!' he exclaimed. 'Do you know what you are doing, *Sieur*?'

'I think so,' I answered.

'Do you know to whom the chateau belongs?'

'To the *Vicomte de Turenne*.'

'And that *Mademoiselle de la Vire* is his relation?'

'Yes,' I said.

'Mon Dieu!' he exclaimed again. And he looked at me open-mouthed.

'What is the matter?' I asked, though I had an uneasy consciousness that I knew—that I knew very well.

'Man, he will crush you as I crush this hat!' he answered in great excitement. 'As easily. Who do you think will protect you from him in a private quarrel of this kind? Navarre? France? our good man? Not one of them. You had better steal the king's crown jewels—he is weak; or Guise's last plot—he is generous at times; or Navarre's last sweetheart—he is as easy as an old shoe. You had better have to do with all these together, I tell you, than touch *Turenne's* ewe-lambs, unless your aim be to be broken on the wheel! *Mon Dieu*, yes!'

'I am much obliged to you for your advice,' I said stiffly, 'but the die is cast. My mind is made up. On the other hand, if you are afraid, *M. Fresnoy*—'

'I am afraid; very much afraid,' he answered frankly.

'Still your name need not be brought into the matter,' I replied, 'I will take the responsibility. I will let them know my name here at the inn, where, doubtless, inquiries will be made.'

'To be sure, that is something,' he answered thoughtfully. 'Well, it is an ugly business, but I am in for it. You want me

to go with you a little after two, do you? and the others to be in the saddle at three? Is that it?’

I assented, pleased to find him so far acquiescent; and in this way, talking the details over more than once, we settled our course, arranging to fly by way of Poitiers and Tours. Of course I did not tell him why I selected Blois as our refuge, nor what was my purpose there; though he pressed me more than once on the point, and grew thoughtful and somewhat gloomy when I continually evaded it. A little after eight we retired to the loft to sleep; our men remaining below round the fire and snoring so merrily as almost to shake the crazy old building. The host was charged to sit up and call us as soon as the moon rose, but, as it turned out, I might as well have taken this office on myself, for between excitement and distrust I slept little, and was wide awake when I heard his step on the ladder and knew it was time to rise.

I was up in a moment, and Fresnoy was little behind me; so that, losing no time in talk, we were mounted and on the road, each with a spare horse at his knee, before the moon was well above the trees. Once in the Chase we found it necessary to proceed on foot, but, the distance being short, we presently emerged without misadventure and stood opposite to the chateau, the upper part of which shone cold and white in the moon's rays.

There was something so solemn in the aspect of the place, the night being fine and the sky without a cloud, that I stood for a minute awed and impressed, the sense of the responsibility I was here to accept strong upon me. In that short space of time all the dangers before me, as well the common risks of the road as the vengeance of Turenne and the turbulence of my own men, presented themselves to my mind, and made a last appeal to me to turn back from an enterprise so foolhardy. The blood in a man's veins runs low and slow at that hour, and mine was chilled by lack of sleep and the wintry air. It needed the remembrance of my solitary condition, of my past spent in straits and failure, of the grey hairs which swept my cheek, of the sword which I had long used honourably, if with little profit to myself; it needed the thought of all these things to restore me to courage and myself.

I judged at a later period that my companion was affected in somewhat the same way; for, as I stooped to press home the pegs which I had brought to tether the horses, he laid his hand on my arm. Glancing up to see what he wanted, I was struck by the wild look in his face (which the moonlight invested with a peculiar

mottled pallor), and particularly in his eyes, which glittered like a madman's. He tried to speak, but seemed to find a difficulty in doing so; and I had to question him roughly before he found his tongue. When he did speak, it was only to implore me in an odd, excited manner to give up the expedition and return.

'What, now?' I said, surprised. 'Now we are here, Fresnoy?'

'Ay, give it up!' he cried, shaking me almost fiercely by the arm. 'Give it up, man! It will end badly, I tell you! In God's name, give it up, and go home before worse comes of it.'

'Whatever comes of it,' I answered coldly, shaking his grasp from my arm, and wondering much at this sudden fit of cowardice, 'I go on. You, M. Fresnoy, may do as you please!'

He started and drew back from me; but he did not reply, nor did he speak again. When I presently went off to fetch a ladder, of the position of which I had made a note during the afternoon, he accompanied me, and followed me back in the same dull silence to the walk below the balcony. I had looked more than once and eagerly at mademoiselle's window without any light or movement in that quarter rewarding my vigilance; but, undeterred by this, which might mean either that my plot was known, or that Mademoiselle de la Vire distrusted me, I set the ladder softly against the balcony, which was in deep shadow, and paused only to give Fresnoy his last instructions. These were simply to stand on guard at the foot of the ladder and defend it in case of surprise; so that, whatever happened inside the chateau, my retreat by the window might not be cut off.

Then I went cautiously up the ladder, and, with my sheathed sword in my left hand, stepped over the balustrade. Taking one pace forward, with fingers outstretched, I felt the leaded panes of the window and tapped softly.

As softly the casement gave way, and I followed it. A hand which I could see but not feel was laid on mine. All was darkness in the room, and before me, but the hand guided me two paces forward, then by a sudden pressure bade me stand. I heard the sound of a curtain being drawn behind me, and the next moment the cover of a rushlight was removed, and a feeble but sufficient light filled the chamber.

I comprehended that the drawing of that curtain over the window had cut off my retreat as effectually as if a door had been closed behind me. But distrust and suspicion gave way the next moment to the natural embarrassment of the man who finds himself in a false position and knows he can escape from it only by an awkward explanation.

The room in which I found myself was long, narrow, and low in the ceiling ; and being hung with some dark stuff which swallowed up the light, terminated funereally at the farther end in the still deeper gloom of an alcove. Two or three huge chests, one bearing the remnants of a meal, stood against the walls. The middle of the floor was covered with a strip of coarse matting, on which a small table, a chair and foot-rest, and a couple of stools had place, with some smaller articles which lay scattered round a pair of half-filled saddle-bags. The slighter and smaller of the two figures I had seen stood beside the table, wearing a mask and riding cloak ; and by her silent manner of gazing at me, as well as by a cold, disdainful bearing, which neither her mask nor cloak could hide, did more to chill and discomfit me than even my own knowledge that I had lost the pass-key which should have admitted me to her confidence.

The stouter figure of the afternoon turned out to be a red-cheeked, sturdy woman of thirty, with bright black eyes and a manner which lost nothing of its fierce impatience when she came a little later to address me. All my ideas of Fanchette were upset by the appearance of this woman, who, rustic in her speech and ways, seemed more like a duenna than the waiting-maid of a court beauty, and better fitted to guard a wayward damsel than to aid her in such an escapade as we had in hand.

She stood slightly behind her mistress, her coarse red hand resting on the back of the chair from which mademoiselle had apparently risen on my entrance. For a few seconds, which seemed minutes to me, we stood gazing at one another in silence, mademoiselle acknowledging my bow by a slight movement of the head. Then, seeing that they waited for me to speak, I did so.

‘*Mademoiselle de la Vire ?*’ I murmured doubtfully.

She bent her head again ; that was all.

I strove to speak with confidence. ‘You will pardon me, mademoiselle,’ I said, ‘if I seem to be abrupt, but time is everything. The horses are standing within a hundred yards of the house, and all the preparations for your flight are made. If we leave now, we can do so without opposition. The delay even of an hour may lead to discovery.’

For answer she laughed behind her mask—laughed coldly and ironically. ‘You go too fast, sir,’ she said, her low clear voice matching the laugh and rousing a feeling almost of anger in my heart. ‘I do not know you ; or, rather, I know nothing of you which should entitle you to interfere in my affairs. You are

too quick to presume, sir. You say you come from a friend. From whom?’

‘From one whom I am proud to call by that title,’ I answered with what patience I might.

‘His name!’

I answered firmly that I could not give it. And I eyed her steadily as I did so.

This for the moment seemed to baffle and confuse her, but after a pause she continued: ‘Where do you propose to take me, sir?’

‘To Blois; to the lodging of a friend of my friend.’

‘You speak bravely,’ she replied with a faint sneer. ‘You have made some great friends lately it seems! But you bring me some letter, no doubt; at least some sign, some token, some warranty, that you are the person you pretend to be, M. de Marsac?’

‘The truth is, mademoiselle,’ I stammered, ‘I must explain. I should tell you——’

‘Nay, sir,’ she cried impetuously, ‘there is no need of telling. If you have what I say, show it me! It is you who lose time. Let us have no more words!’

I had used very few words, and, God knows, was not in the mind to use many; but, being in the wrong, I had no answer to make except the truth, and that humbly. ‘I had such a token as you mention, mademoiselle,’ I said, ‘no farther back than this afternoon, in the shape of half a gold coin, entrusted to me by my friend. But, to my shame I say it, it was stolen from me a few hours back.’

‘Stolen from you!’ she exclaimed.

‘Yes, mademoiselle; and for that reason I cannot show it,’ I answered.

‘You cannot show it? And you dare to come to me without it!’ she cried, speaking with a vehemence which fairly startled me, prepared as I was for reproaches. ‘You come to me! You!’ she continued. And with that, scarcely stopping to take breath, she loaded me with abuse; calling me impertinent, a meddler, and a hundred other things, which I now blush to recall, and displaying in all a passion which even in her attendant would have surprised me, but in one so slight and seemingly delicate, overwhelmed and confounded me. In fault as I was, I could not understand the peculiar bitterness she displayed, or the contemptuous force of her language, and I stared at her in silent wonder until, of her own accord, she supplied the key to her feelings. In a fresh

outburst of rage she snatched off her mask, and to my astonishment I saw before me the young maid of honour whom I had encountered in the King of Navarre's ante-chamber, and whom I had been so unfortunate as to expose to the raillery of Mathurine.

'Who has paid you, sir,' she continued, clenching her small hands and speaking with tears of anger in her eyes, 'to make me the laughing-stock of the Court? It was bad enough when I thought you the proper agent of those to whom I have a right to look for aid! It was bad enough when I thought myself forced, through their inconsiderate choice, to decide between an odious imprisonment and the ridicule to which your intervention must expose me! But that you should have dared, of your own notion, to follow me, you, the butt of the Court——'

'Mademoiselle!' I cried.

'A needy, out-at-elbows adventurer!' she persisted, triumphing in her cruelty. 'It exceeds all bearing! It is not to be suffered! It——'

'Nay, mademoiselle; you *shall* hear me!' I cried, with a sternness which at last stopped her. 'Granted I am poor, I am still a gentleman; yes, mademoiselle,' I continued, firmly, 'a gentleman, and the last of a family which has spoken with yours on equal terms. And I claim to be heard. I swear that when I came here to-night I believed you to be a perfect stranger! I was unaware that I had ever seen you, unaware that I had ever met you before.'

'Then why did you come?' she said viciously.

'I was engaged to come by those whom you have mentioned, and there, and there only am I in fault. They entrusted to me a token which I have lost. For that I crave your pardon.'

'You have need to,' she answered bitterly, yet with a changed countenance, or I was mistaken, 'if your story be true, sir.'

'Ay, that you have!' the woman beside her echoed. 'Hoity toity, indeed! Here is a fuss about nothing. You call yourself a gentleman, and wear such a doublet as——'

'Peace, Fanchette!' mademoiselle said imperiously. And then for a moment she stood silent, eyeing me intently, her lips trembling with excitement and two red spots burning in her cheeks. It was clear from her dress and other things that she had made up her mind to fly had the token been forthcoming; and seeing this, and knowing how unwilling a young girl is to forego her own way, I still had some hopes that she might not persevere in her distrust and refusal. And so it turned out.

Her manner had changed to one of quiet scorn when she next spoke. 'You defend yourself skilfully, sir,' she said, drumming

with her fingers on the table and eyeing me steadfastly. 'But can you give me any reason for the person you name making choice of such a messenger?'

'Yes,' I answered, boldly. 'That he may not be suspected of conniving at your escape.'

'Oh!' she cried, with a spark of her former passion. 'Then it is to be put about that Mademoiselle de la Vire has fled from Chizé with M. de Marsac, is it? I thought that!'

'Through the assistance of M. de Marsac,' I retorted, correcting her coldly. 'It is for you, mademoiselle,' I continued, 'to weigh that disadvantage against the unpleasantness of remaining here. It only remains for me to ask you to decide quickly. Time presses, and I have stayed here too long already.'

The words had barely passed my lips when they received unwelcome confirmation in the shape of a distant sound—the noisy closing of a door, which, clanging through the house at such an hour—I judged it to be after three o'clock—could scarcely mean anything but mischief. This noise was followed immediately, even while we stood listening with raised fingers, by other sounds—a muffled cry, and the tramp of heavy footsteps in a distant passage. Mademoiselle looked at me, and I at her woman. 'The door!' I muttered. 'Is it locked?'

'And bolted!' Fanchette answered; 'and a great chest set against it. Let them ramp; they will do no harm for a bit.'

'Then you have still time, mademoiselle,' I whispered, retreating a step and laying my hand on the curtain before the window. Perhaps I affected greater coolness than I felt. 'It is not too late. If you choose to remain, well and good. I cannot help it. If, on the other hand, you decide to trust yourself to me, I swear, on the honour of a gentleman, to be worthy of the trust—to serve you truly and protect you to the last! I can say no more.'

She trembled, looking from me to the door, on which some one had just begun to knock loudly. That seemed to decide her. Her lips apart, her eyes full of excitement, she turned hastily to Fanchette.

'Ay, go if you like,' the woman answered doggedly, reading the meaning of her look. 'There cannot be a greater villain than the one we know of. But once started, heaven help us, for if he overtakes us we'll pay dearly for it!'

The girl did not speak herself, but it was enough. The noise at the door increased each second, and began to be mingled with angry appeals to Fanchette to open, and with threats in case she delayed. I cut the matter short by snatching up one of the

saddle-bags—the other we left behind—and flung back the curtain which covered the window. At the same time the woman dashed out the light—a timely precaution—and throwing open the casement I stepped on to the balcony, the others following me closely.

The moon had risen high, and flooding with light the small open space about the house enabled me to see clearly all round the foot of the ladder. To my surprise Fresnoy was not at his post, nor was he to be seen anywhere; but as, at the moment I observed this, an outcry away to my left, at the rear of the chateau, came to my ears, and announced that the danger was no longer confined to the interior of the house, I concluded that he had gone that way to intercept the attack. Without more, therefore, I began to descend as quickly as I could, my sword under one arm and the bag under the other.

I was half-way down, and mademoiselle was already stepping on to the ladder to follow, when I heard footsteps below, and saw him run up, his sword in his hand.

‘Quick, Fresnoy!’ I cried. ‘To the horses and unfasten them! Quick!’

I slid down the rest of the way, thinking he had gone to do my bidding. But my feet were scarcely on the ground when a tremendous blow in the side sent me staggering three paces from the ladder. The attack was so sudden, so unexpected, that but for the sight of Fresnoy’s scowling face, wild with rage, at my shoulder, and the sound of his fierce breathing as he strove to release his sword, which had passed through my saddle-bag, I might never have known who struck the blow, or how narrow had been my escape.

Fortunately the knowledge did come to me in time, and before he freed his blade; and it nerved my hand. To draw my blade at such close quarters was impossible, but, dropping the bag which had saved my life, I dashed my hilt twice in his face with such violence that he fell backwards and lay on the turf, a dark stain growing and spreading on his upturned face.

It was scarcely done before the women reached the foot of the ladder and stood beside me. ‘Quick!’ I cried to them, ‘or they will be upon us.’ Seizing mademoiselle’s hand, just as half-a-dozen men came running round the corner of the house, I jumped with her down the haha, and, urging her to her utmost speed, dashed across the open ground which lay between us and the belt of trees. Once in the shelter of the latter, where our movements were hidden from view, I had still to free the

horses and mount mademoiselle and her woman, and this in haste. But my companions' admirable coolness and presence of mind, and the objection which our pursuers, who did not know our numbers, felt to leaving the open ground, enabled us to do all with comparative ease. I sprang on the Cid (it has always been my habit to teach my horse to stand for me, nor do I know any accomplishment more serviceable at a pinch), and giving Fresnoy's grey a cut over the flanks which despatched it ahead, led the way down the ride by which I had gained the chateau in the afternoon. I knew it to be level and clear of trees, and the fact that we chose it might throw our pursuers off the track for a time, by leading them to think we had taken the south road instead of that through the village.

CHAPTER V.

THE ROAD TO BLOIS.

WE gained the road without let or hindrance, whence a sharp burst in the moonlight soon brought us to the village. Through this we swept on to the inn, almost running over the four evangelists, whom we found standing at the door ready for the saddle. I bade them, in a quick peremptory tone, to get to horse, and was overjoyed to see them obey without demur or word of Fresnoy. In another minute, with a great clatter of hoofs, we sprang clear of the hamlet, and were well on the road to Melle, with Poitiers some thirteen leagues before us. I looked back, and thought I discerned lights moving in the direction of the chateau; but the dawn was still two hours off, and the moonlight left me in doubt whether these were real or the creatures of my own fearful fancy.

I remember, three years before this time, on the occasion of the famous retreat from Angers—when the Prince of Condé had involved his army beyond the Loire, and saw himself, in the impossibility of recrossing the river, compelled to take ship for England, leaving every one to shift for himself—I well remember on that occasion riding, alone and pistol in hand, through more than thirty miles of the enemy's country without drawing rein. But my anxieties were then confined to the four shoes of my horse. The dangers to which I was exposed at every ford and cross road were such as are inseparable from a campaign, and breed in generous hearts only a fierce pleasure, rarely to be otherwise enjoyed.

And though I then rode warily, and where I could not carry terror, had all to fear myself, there was nothing secret or underhand in my business.

It was very different now. During the first few hours of our flight from Chizé I experienced a painful excitement, an alarm, a feverish anxiety to get forward, which was new to me ; which oppressed my spirits to the very ground ; which led me to take every sound borne to us on the wind for the sound of pursuit, transforming the clang of a hammer on the anvil into the ring of swords, and the voices of my own men into those of the pursuers. It was in vain mademoiselle rode with a free hand, and leaping such obstacles as lay in our way, gave promise of courage and endurance beyond my expectations. I could think of nothing but the three long days before us, with twenty-four hours to every day, and each hour fraught with a hundred chances of disaster and ruin.

In fact, the longer I considered our position—and as we pounded along, now splashing through a founderaus hollow, now stumbling as we wound over a stony shoulder, I had ample time to reflect upon it—the greater seemed the difficulties before us. The loss of Fresnoy, while it freed me from some embarrassment, meant also the loss of a good sword, and we had mustered only too few before. The country which lay between us and the Loire, being the borderland between our party and the League, had been laid desolate so often as to be abandoned to pillage and disorder of every kind. The peasants had flocked into the towns. Their places had been taken by bands of robbers and deserters from both parties, who haunted the ruined villages about Poitiers, and preyed upon all who dared to pass. To add to our perils, the royal army under the Duke of Nevers was reported to be moving slowly southward, not very far to the left of our road ; while a Huguenot expedition against Niort was also in progress within a few leagues of us.

With four staunch and trustworthy comrades at my back, I might have faced even this situation with a smile and a light heart ; but the knowledge that my four knaves might mutiny at any moment, or, worse still, rid themselves of me and all restraint by a single treacherous blow such as Fresnoy had aimed at me, filled me with an ever-present dread ; which it taxed my utmost energies to hide from them, and which I strove in vain to conceal from mademoiselle's keener vision.

Whether it was this had an effect upon her, giving her a meaner opinion of me than that which I had for a while hoped

she entertained, or that she began, now it was too late, to regret her flight and resent my part in it, I scarcely know; but from day-break onwards she assumed an attitude of cold suspicion towards me, which was only less unpleasant than the scornful distance of her manner when she deigned, which was seldom, to address me.

Not once did she allow me to forget that I was in her eyes a needy adventurer, paid by her friends to escort her to a place of safety, but without any claim to the smallest privilege of intimacy or equality. When I would have adjusted her saddle, she bade her woman come and hold up her skirt, that my hands might not touch its hem even by accident. And when I would have brought wine to her at Melle, where we stayed for twenty minutes, she called Fanchette to hand it to her. She rode for the most part in her mask; and with her woman. One good effect only her pride and reserve had; they impressed our men with a strong sense of her importance, and the danger to which any interference with her might expose them.

The two men whom Fresnoy had enlisted I directed to ride a score of paces in advance. Luke and John I placed in the rear. In this manner I thought to keep them somewhat apart. For myself, I proposed to ride abreast of mademoiselle, but she made it so clear that my neighbourhood displeased her that I fell back, leaving her to ride with Fanchette; and contented myself with plodding at their heels, and striving to attach the later evangelists to my interests.

We were so fortunate, despite my fears, as to find the road nearly deserted—as, alas, was much of the country on either side—and to meet none but small parties travelling along it; who were glad enough, seeing the villainous looks of our outriders, to give us a wide berth, and be quit of us for the fright. We skirted Lusignan, shunning the streets, but passing near enough for me to point out to mademoiselle the site of the famous tower built, according to tradition, by the fairy Melusina, and rased thirteen years back by the Leaguers. She received my information so frigidly, however, that I offered no more, but fell back shrugging my shoulders, and rode in silence, until, some two hours after noon, the city of Poitiers came into sight, lying within its circle of walls and towers on a low hill in the middle of a country clothed in summer with rich vineyards, but now brown and bare and cheerless to the eye.

Fanchette turned and asked me abruptly if that were Poitiers. I answered that it was, but added that for certain reasons I

proposed not to halt, but to lie at a village a league beyond the city, where there was a tolerable inn.

'We shall do very well here,' the woman answered rudely. 'Any way, my lady will go no farther. She is tired and cold, and wet besides, and has gone far enough.'

'Still,' I answered, nettled by the woman's familiarity, 'I think mademoiselle will change her mind when she hears my reasons for going farther.'

'Mademoiselle does not wish to hear them, sir,' the lady replied herself, and very sharply.

'Nevertheless, I think you had better hear them,' I persisted, turning to her respectfully. 'You see, mademoiselle——'

'I see only one thing, sir,' she exclaimed, snatching off her mask and displaying a countenance beautiful indeed, but flushed for the moment with anger and impatience, 'that, whatever betides, I stay at Poitiers to-night.'

'If it would content you to rest an hour?' I suggested gently.

'It will not content me!' she rejoined with spirit. 'And let me tell you, sir,' she went on impetuously, 'once for all, that you take too much upon yourself. You are here to escort me, and to give orders to these ragamuffins, for they are nothing better, with whom you have thought fit to disgrace our company; but not to give orders to me or to control my movements. Confine yourself for the future, sir, to your duties, if you please.'

'I desire only to obey you,' I answered, suppressing the angry feelings which rose in my breast, and speaking as coolly as lay in my power. 'But, as the first of my duties is to provide for your safety, I am determined to omit nothing which can conduce to that end. You have not considered that, if a party in pursuit of us reaches Poitiers to-night, search will be made for us in the city, and we shall be taken. If, on the other hand, we are known to have passed through, the hunt may go no farther; certainly will go no farther to-night. Therefore we must not, mademoiselle,' I added firmly, 'lie in Poitiers to-night.'

'Sir,' she exclaimed, looking at me, her face crimson with wonder and indignation, 'do you dare to ——?'

'I dare do my duty, mademoiselle,' I answered, plucking up a spirit, though my heart was sore. 'I am a man old enough to be your father, and with little to lose, or I had not been here. I care nothing what you think or what you say of me, provided I can do what I have undertaken to do and place you safely in the hands of your friends. But enough, mademoiselle, we

are at the gate. If you will permit me, I will ride through the streets beside you. We shall so attract less attention.'

Without waiting for a permission which she was very unlikely to give, I pushed my horse forward, and took my place beside her, signing to Fanchette to fall back. The maid obeyed, speechless with indignation; while Mademoiselle flashed a scathing glance at me and looked round in helpless anger, as though it was in her mind to appeal against me even to the passers-by. But she thought better of it, and contenting herself with muttering the word 'Impertinent' put on her mask with fingers which trembled, I fancy, not a little.

A small rain was falling and the afternoon was well advanced when we entered the town, but I noticed that, notwithstanding this, the streets presented a busy and animated appearance, being full of knots of people engaged in earnest talk. A bell was tolling somewhere, and near the cathedral a crowd of no little size was standing, listening to a man who seemed to be reading a placard or manifesto attached to the wall. In another place a soldier, wearing the crimson colours of the League, but splashed and stained as with recent travel, was holding forth to a breathless circle who seemed to hang upon his lips. A neighbouring corner sheltered a handful of priests who whispered together with gloomy faces. Many stared at us as we passed, and some would have spoken; but I rode steadily on, inviting no converse. Nevertheless at the north gate I got a rare fright; for, though it wanted a full half-hour of sunset, the porter was in the act of closing it. Seeing us, he waited grumbling until we came up, and then muttered, in answer to my remonstrance, something about queer times and wilful people having their way. I took little notice of what he said, however, being anxious only to get through the gate and leave as few traces of our passage as might be.

As soon as we were outside the town I fell back, permitting Fanchette to take my place. For another league, a long and dreary one, we plodded on in silence, horses and men alike jaded and sullen, and the women scarcely able to keep their saddles for fatigue. At last, much to my relief, seeing that I began to fear I had taxed mademoiselle's strength too far, the long low buildings of the inn at which I proposed to stay came in sight, at the crossing of the road and river. The place looked blank and cheerless, for the dusk was thickening; but as we trailed one by one into the courtyard a stream of firelight burst on us from doors and

windows, and a dozen sounds of life and comfort greeted our ears.

Noticing that mademoiselle was benumbed and cramped with long sitting, I would have helped her to dismount; but she fiercely rejected my aid, and I had to content myself with requesting the landlord to assign the best accommodation he had to the lady and her attendant, and secure as much privacy for them as possible. The man assented very civilly and said all should be done; but I noticed that his eyes wandered while I talked, and that he seemed to have something on his mind. When he returned, after disposing of them, it came out.

'Did you ever happen to see him, sir?' he asked with a sigh; yet was there a smug air of pleasure mingled with his melancholy.

'See whom?' I answered, staring at him, for neither of us had mentioned any one.

'The Duke, sir.'

I stared again between wonder and suspicion. 'The Duke of Nevers is not in this part, is he?' I said slowly. 'I heard he was on the Brittany border, away to the westward.'

'Mon Dieu!' my host exclaimed, raising his hands in astonishment. 'You have not heard, sir?'

'I have heard nothing,' I answered impatiently.

'You have not heard, sir, that the most puissant and illustrious lord the Duke of Guise is dead?'

'M. de Guise dead? It is not true!' I cried astonished.

He nodded, however, several times with an air of great importance, and seemed as if he would have gone on to give me some particulars. But, remembering, as I fancied, that he spoke in the hearing of half-a-dozen guests who sat about the great fire behind me, and had both eyes and ears open, he contented himself with shifting his towel to his other arm and adding only, 'Yes, sir, dead as any nail. The news came through here yesterday, and made a pretty stir. It happened at Blois the day but one before Christmas, if all be true.'

I was thunderstruck. This was news which might change the face of France. 'How did it happen?' I asked.

My host covered his mouth with his hand and coughed, and, privily twitching my sleeve, gave me to understand with some shamefacedness that he could not say more in public. I was about to make some excuse to retire with him, when a harsh voice, addressed apparently to me, caused me to turn sharply. I found at my elbow a tall thin-faced monk in the habit of the Jacobin

order. He had risen from his seat beside the fire, and seemed to be labouring under great excitement.

'Who asked how it happened?' he cried, rolling his eyes in a kind of frenzy, while still observant, or I was much mistaken, of his listeners. 'Is there a man in France to whom the tale has not been told? Is there?'

'I will answer for one,' I replied, regarding him with little favour. 'I have heard nothing.'

'Then you shall! Listen!' he exclaimed, raising his right hand and brandishing it as though he denounced a person then present. 'Hear my accusation, made in the name of Mother Church and the saints against the arch hypocrite, the perjurer and assassin sitting in high places! He shall be Anathema Maranatha, for he has shed the blood of the holy and the pure, the chosen of Heaven! He shall go down to the pit, and that soon. The blood that he has shed shall be required of him, and that before he is one year older.'

'Tut-tut. All that sounds very fine, good father,' I said, waxing impatient, and a little scornful; for I saw that he was one of those wandering and often crazy monks in whom the League found their most useful emissaries. 'But I should profit more by your gentle words, if I knew whom you were cursing.'

'The man of blood!' he cried; 'through whom the last but not the least of God's saints and martyrs entered into glory on the Friday before Christmas.'

Moved by such profanity, and judging him, notwithstanding the extravagance of his words and gestures, to be less mad than he seemed, and at least as much knave as fool, I bade him sternly have done with his cursing, and proceed to his story if he had one.

He glowered at me for a moment, as though he were minded to launch his spiritual weapons at my head; but as I returned his glare with an unmoved eye—and my four rascals, who were as impatient as myself to learn the news, and had scarce more reverence for a shaven crown, began to murmur—he thought better of it, and cooling as suddenly as he had flamed up, lost no more time in satisfying our curiosity.

It would ill become me, however, to set down the extravagant and often blasphemous harangue in which, styling M. de Guise the martyr of God, he told the story now so familiar—the story of that dark wintry morning at Blois, when the king's messenger, knocking early at the duke's door, bade him hurry, for the king wanted him. The story is trite enough now. When I heard

it first in the inn on the Clain, it was all new and all marvellous.

The monk, too, telling the story as if he had seen the events with his own eyes, omitted nothing which might impress his hearers. He told us how the duke received warning after warning, and answered in the very antechamber, 'He dare not!' How his blood, mysteriously advised of coming dissolution, grew chill, and his eye, wounded at Chateau Thierry, began to run, so that he had to send for the handkerchief he had forgotten to bring. He told us, even, how the duke drew his assassins up and down the chamber, how he cried for mercy, and how he died at last at the foot of the king's bed, and how the king, who had never dared to face him living, came and spurned him dead!

There were pale faces round the fire when he ceased, and bent brows and lips hard pressed together. When he stood and cursed the King of France—cursing him openly by the name of Henry of Valois, a thing I had never looked to hear in France—though no one said 'Amen,' and all glanced over their shoulders, and our host pattered from the room as if he had seen a ghost, it seemed to be no man's duty to gainsay him.

For myself, I was full of thoughts which it would have been unsafe to utter in that company or so near the Loire. I looked back sixteen years. Who but Henry of Guise had spurned the corpse of Coligny? And who but Henry of Valois had backed him in the act? Who but Henry of Guise had drenched Paris with blood, and who but Henry of Valois had ridden by his side? One 23rd of the month—a day never to be erased from France's annals—had purchased for him a term of greatness. A second 23rd saw him pay the price—saw his ashes cast secretly and by night no man knows where!

Moved by such thoughts, and observing that the priest was going the round of the company collecting money for masses for the duke's soul, to which object I could neither give with a good conscience nor refuse without exciting suspicion, I slipped out; and finding a man of decent appearance talking with the landlord in a small room beside the kitchen, I called for a flask of the best wine, and by means of that introduction obtained my supper in their company.

The stranger was a Norman horsedealer, returning home after disposing of his string. He seemed to be in a large way of business, and being of a bluff, independent spirit, as many of those Norman townsmen are, was inclined at first to treat me with more

familiarity than respect; the fact of my nag, for which he would have chaffered, excelling my coat in quality, leading him to set me down as a steward or intendant. The pursuit of his trade, however, had brought him into connection with all classes of men, and he quickly perceived his mistake; and as he knew the provinces between the Seine and Loire to perfection, and made it part of his business to foresee the chances of peace and war, I obtained a great amount of information from him, and indeed conceived no little liking for him. He believed that the assassination of M. de Guise would alienate so much of France from the king that his majesty would have little left save the towns on the Loire, and some other places lying within easy reach of his court at Blois.

'But,' I said, 'things seem quiet now. Here, for instance.'

'It is the calm before the storm,' he answered. 'There is a monk in there. Have you heard him?'

I nodded.

'He is only one among a hundred—a thousand,' the horse-dealer continued, looking at me and nodding with meaning. He was a brown-haired man with shrewd grey eyes, such as many Normans have. 'They will get their way too, you will see,' he went on. 'Well, horses will go up, so I have no cause to grumble; but, if I were on my way to Blois with women or gear of that kind, I should not choose this time for picking posies on the road. I should see the inside of the gates as soon as possible.'

I thought there was much in what he said; and when he went on to maintain that the king would find himself between the hammer and the anvil—between the League holding all the north and the Huguenots holding all the south—and must needs in time come to terms with the latter, seeing that the former would rest content with nothing short of his deposition, I began to agree with him that we should shortly see great changes and very stirring times.

'Still if they depose the king,' I said, 'the King of Navarre must succeed him. He is the heir of France.'

'Bah!' my companion replied somewhat contemptuously. 'The League will see to that. He goes with the other.'

'Then the kings are in one cry, and you are right,' I said with conviction. 'They must unite.'

'So they will. It is only a question of time,' he said.

In the morning, having only one man with him, and, as I guessed, a considerable sum of money, he volunteered to join our party as far as Blois. I assented gladly, and he did so, this

addition to our numbers ridding me at once of the greater part of my fears. I did not expect any opposition on the part of mademoiselle, who would gain in consequence as well as in safety. Nor did she offer any. She was content, I think, to welcome any addition to our party which would save her from the necessity of riding in the company of my old cloak.

CHAPTER VI.

MY MOTHER'S LODGING.

TRAVELLING by way of Chatelherault and Tours, we reached the neighbourhood of Blois a little after noon on the third day without misadventure or any intimation of pursuit. The Norman proved himself a cheerful companion on the road, as I already knew him to be a man of sense and shrewdness; while his presence rendered the task of keeping my men in order an easy one. I began to consider the adventure as practically achieved; and regarding Mademoiselle de la Vire as already in effect transferred to the care of M. de Rosny, I ventured to turn my thoughts to the development of my own plans and the choice of a haven in which I might rest secure from the vengeance of M. de Turenne.

For the moment I had evaded his pursuit, and, assisted by the confusion caused everywhere by the death of Guise, had succeeded in thwarting his plans and affronting his authority with seeming ease. But I knew too much of his power and had heard too many instances of his fierce temper and resolute will to presume on short impunity or to expect the future with anything but diffidence and dismay.

The exclamations of my companions on coming within sight of Blois aroused me from these reflections. I joined them, and fully shared their emotion as I gazed on the stately towers which had witnessed so many royal festivities, and, alas! one royal tragedy; which had sheltered Louis the Well-beloved and Francis the Great, and rung with the laughter of Diana of Poitiers and the second Henry. The play of fancy wreathed the sombre building with a hundred memories grave and gay. But, though the rich plain of the Loire still swelled upward as of old in gentle homage at the feet of the gallant town, the shadow of crime seemed to darken all, and dim even the glories of the royal standard which hung idly in the air.

We had heard so many reports of the fear and suspicion which

reigned in the city and of the strict supervision which was exercised over all who entered—the king dreading a repetition of the day of the Barricades—that we halted at a little inn a mile short of the gate and broke up our company. I parted from my Norman friend with mutual expressions of esteem, and from my own men, whom I had paid off in the morning, complimenting each of them with a handsome present; with a feeling of relief equally sincere. I hoped—but the hope was not fated to be gratified—that I might never see the knaves again.

It wanted less than an hour of sunset when I rode up to the gate, a few paces in front of mademoiselle and her woman; as if I had really been the intendant for whom the horse-dealer had mistaken me. We found the guardhouse lined with soldiers, who scanned us very narrowly as we approached, and whose stern features and ordered weapons showed that they were not there for mere effect. The fact, however, that we came from Tours, a city still in the king's hands, served to allay suspicion, and we passed without accident.

Once in the streets, and riding in single file between the houses, to the windows of which the townsfolk seemed to be attracted by the slightest commotion, so full of terror was the air, I experienced a moment of huge relief. This was Blois—Blois at last. We were within a few score yards of the Bleeding Heart. In a few minutes I should receive a quittance, and be free to think only of myself. Nor was my pleasure much lessened by the fact that I was so soon to part from Mademoiselle de la Vire. Frankly, I was far from liking her. Exposure to the air of a court had spoiled, it seemed to me, whatever graces of disposition the young lady had ever possessed. She still maintained, and had maintained throughout the journey, the cold and suspicious attitude assumed at starting; nor had she ever expressed the least solicitude on my behalf, or the slightest sense that we were incurring danger in her service. She had not scrupled constantly to prefer her whims to the common advantage; and even safety; while her sense of self-importance had come to be so great, that she seemed to hold herself exempt from the duty of thanking any human creature. I could not deny that she was beautiful—indeed, I often thought, when watching her, of the day when I had seen her in the King of Navarre's antechamber in all the glory of her charms. But I felt none the less that I could turn my back on her—leaving her in safety—without regret; and be thankful that her path would never again cross mine.

With such thoughts in my breast I turned the corner of the Rue de St. Denys and came at once upon the Bleeding Heart, a small but decent-looking hostelry situate near the end of the street and opposite a church. A bluff, grey-haired man, who was standing in the doorway, came forward as we halted, and looking curiously at mademoiselle asked what I lacked; adding civilly that the house was full and they had no sleeping room, the late events having drawn a great assemblage to Blois.

'I want only an address,' I answered, leaning from the saddle and speaking in a low voice that I might not be overheard by the passers-by. 'The Baron de Rosny is in Blois, is he not?'

The man started at the name of the Huguenot leader, and looked round him nervously. But, seeing that no one was very near us, he answered: 'He was, sir; but he left town a week ago and more. There have been strange doings here, and M. de Rosny thought that the climate suited him ill.'

He said this with so much meaning, as well as concern that he should not be overheard, that, though I was taken aback and bitterly disappointed, I succeeded in restraining all exclamations and even show of feeling. After a pause of dismay, I asked whither M. de Rosny had gone.

'To Rosny,' was the answer.

'And Rosny?'

'Is beyond Chartres, pretty well all the way to Mantes,' the man answered, stroking my horse's neck. 'Say thirty leagues.'

I turned my horse, and hurriedly communicated what he said to mademoiselle, who was waiting a few paces away. Unwelcome to me, the news was still less welcome to her. Her chagrin and indignation knew no bounds. For a moment words failed her, but her flashing eyes said more than her tongue as she cried to me: 'Well, sir, and what now? Is this the end of your fine promises? Where is your Rosny, if all be not a lying invention of your own?'

Feeling that she had some excuse I suppressed my choler, and humbly repeating that Rosny was at his house, two days farther on, and that I could see nothing for it but to go to him, I asked the landlord where we could find a lodging for the night.

'Indeed, sir, that is more than I can say,' he answered, looking curiously at us, and thinking, I doubt not, that with my shabby cloak and fine horse, and mademoiselle's mask and spattered riding-coat, we were an odd couple. 'There is not an inn which is not full to the garrets—nay, and the stables; and, what is more, people are chary of taking strangers in. These are strange

times. They say,' he continued in a lower tone, 'that the old queen is dying up there, and will not last the night.'

I nodded. 'We must go somewhere,' I said.

'I would help you if I could,' he answered, shrugging his shoulders. 'But there it is! Blois is full from the tiles to the cellars.'

My horse shivered under me, and mademoiselle, whose patience was gone, cried harshly to me to do something. 'We cannot spend the night in the streets,' she said fiercely.

I saw that she was worn out and scarcely mistress of herself. The light was falling, and with it some rain. The reek of the kennels and the close air from the houses seemed to stifle us. The bell at the church behind us was jangling out vespers. A few people, attracted by the sight of our horses standing before the inn, had gathered round and were watching us.

Something I saw must be done, and done quickly. In despair, and seeing no other resort, I broached a proposal of which I had not hitherto even dreamed. 'Mademoiselle,' I said bluntly, 'I must take you to my mother's.'

'To your mother's, sir?' she cried, rousing herself. Her voice rang with haughty surprise.

'Yes,' I replied brusquely; 'since, as you say, we cannot spend the night in the streets, and I do not know where else I can dispose of you. From the last advices I had I believe her to have followed the court hither. My friend,' I continued, turning to the landlord, 'do you know by name a Madame de Bonne, who should be in Blois?'

'A Madame de Bonne?' he muttered, reflecting. 'I have heard the name lately. Wait a moment.' Disappearing into the house, he returned almost immediately, followed by a lanky pale-faced youth wearing a tattered black soutane. 'Yes,' he said nodding, 'there is a worthy lady of that name lodging in the next street, I am told. As it happens, this young man lives in the same house, and will guide you, if you like.'

I assented, and, thanking him for his information, turned my horse and requested the youth to lead the way. We had scarcely passed the corner of the street, however, and entered one somewhat more narrow and less frequented, when mademoiselle, who was riding behind me, stopped and called to me. I drew rein and, turning, asked what it was.

'I am not coming,' she said, her voice trembling slightly,

but whether with alarm or anger I could not determine. 'I know nothing of you, and I—I demand to be taken to M. de Rosny.'

'If you cry that name aloud in the streets of Blois, mademoiselle,' I retorted, 'you are like enough to be taken whither you will not care to go! As for M. de Rosny, I have told you that he is not here. He has gone to his seat at Mantes.'

'Then take me to him!'

'At this hour of the night?' I said drily. 'It is two days' journey from here.'

'Then I will go to an inn,' she replied sullenly.

'You have heard that there is no room in the inns,' I rejoined with what patience I could. 'And to go from inn to inn at this hour might lead us into trouble. I can assure you that I am as much taken aback by M. de Rosny's absence as you are. For the present, we are close to my mother's lodging, and——'

'I know nothing of your mother!' she exclaimed passionately, her voice raised. 'You have enticed me hither by false pretences, sir, and I will endure it no longer. I will——'

'What you will do, I do not know then, mademoiselle,' I replied, quite at my wits' end; for what with the rain and the darkness, the unknown streets—in which our tarrying might at any moment collect a crowd—and this stubborn girl's opposition, I knew not whither to turn. 'For my part I can suggest nothing else. It does not become me to speak of my mother,' I continued, 'or I might say that even Mademoiselle de la Vire need not be ashamed to accept the hospitality of Madame de Bonne. Nor are my mother's circumstances,' I added proudly, 'though narrow, so mean as to deprive her of the privileges of her birth.'

My last words appeared to make some impression upon my companion. She turned and spoke to her woman, who replied in a low voice, tossing her head the while and glaring at me in speechless indignation. Had there been anything else for it, they would doubtless have flouted my offer still; but apparently Fanchette could suggest nothing, and presently mademoiselle, with a sullen air, bade me lead on.

Taking this for permission, the lanky youth in the black soutane, who had remained at my bridle throughout the discussion, now listening and now staring, nodded and resumed his way; and I followed. After proceeding a little more than fifty yards he stopped before a mean-looking doorway, flanked by grated windows, and fronted by a lofty wall which I took to be the back of some nobleman's garden. The street at this point was unlighted,

and little better than an alley; nor was the appearance of the house, which was narrow and ill-looking, though lofty, calculated, as far as I could make it out in the darkness, to allay mademoiselle's suspicions. Knowing, however, that people of position are often obliged in towns to lodge in poor houses, I thought nothing of this, and only strove to get mademoiselle dismounted as quickly as possible. The lad groped about and found two rings beside the door, and to these I tied up the horses. Then, bidding him lead the way, and begging mademoiselle to follow, I plunged into the darkness of the passage and felt my way to the foot of the staircase, which was entirely unlighted, and smelled close and unpleasant.

'Which floor?' I asked my guide.

'The fourth,' he answered quietly.

'Morbleu!' I muttered, as I began to ascend, my hand on the wall. 'What is the meaning of this?'

For I was perplexed. The revenues of Marsac, though small, should have kept my mother, whom I had last seen in Paris before the Nemours edict, in tolerable comfort—such modest comfort, at any rate, as could scarcely be looked for in such a house as this—obscure, ill-tended, unlighted. To my perplexity was added, before I reached the top of the stairs, disquietude—disquietude on her account as well as on mademoiselle's. I felt that something was wrong, and would have given much to recall the invitation I had pressed on the latter.

What the young lady thought herself I could pretty well guess, as I listened to her hurried breathing at my shoulder. With every step I expected her to refuse to go farther. But, having once made up her mind, she followed me stubbornly, though the darkness was such that involuntarily I loosened my dagger, and prepared to defend myself should this turn out to be a trap.

We reached the top, however, without accident. Our guide knocked softly at a door and immediately opened it without waiting for an answer. A feeble light shone out on the stair-head, and bending my head, for the lintel was low, I stepped into the room.

I advanced two paces and stood looking about me in angry bewilderment. The bareness of extreme poverty marked everything on which my eyes rested. A cracked earthenware lamp smoked and sputtered on a stool in the middle of the rotting floor. An old black cloak nailed to the wall, and flapping to and fro in the draught like some dead gallowsbird, hung in front of the unglazed window. A jar in a corner caught the drippings from a hole in

the roof. An iron pot and a second stool—the latter casting a long shadow across the floor—stood beside the handful of wood ashes, which smouldered on the hearth. And that was all the furniture I saw, except a bed which filled the farther end of the long narrow room, and was curtained off so as to form a kind of miserable alcove.

A glance sufficed to show me all this, and that the room was empty, or apparently empty. Yet I looked again and again, stupefied. At last finding my voice, I turned to the young man who had brought us hither, and with a fierce oath demanded of him what he meant.

He shrank back behind the open door, and yet answered with a kind of sullen surprise that I had asked for Madame de Bonne's, and this was it.

'Madame de Bonne's!' I muttered. 'This Madame de Bonne's!'

He nodded.

'Of course it is! And you know it!' mademoiselle hissed in my ear, her voice, as she interposed, hoarse with passion. 'Don't think that you can deceive us any longer. We know all! This,' she continued, looking round, her cheeks scarlet, her eyes ablaze with scorn, 'is your mother's, is it! Your mother who has followed the court hither—whose means are narrow, but not so small as to deprive her of the privileges of her rank! This is your mother's hospitality, is it? You are a cheat, sir! and a detected cheat! Let us begone! Let me go, sir, I say!'

Twice I had tried to stop the current of her words; but in vain. Now with anger which surpassed hers a hundredfold—for who, being a man, would hear himself misnamed before his mother?—I succeeded. 'Silence, mademoiselle!' I cried, my grasp on her wrist. 'Silence, I say! This *is* my mother!'

And running forward to the bed, I fell on my knees beside it. A feeble hand had half withdrawn the curtain, and through the gap my mother's stricken face looked out, a great fear stamped upon it.

(To be continued.)

Unsuspected Englishmen.

MOST of the Christian names at present in use on the Continent of Europe, with the trifling exception of Greece and Russia, are English by origin. Our race, in its triumphant march from the Baltic to the Euxine, imposed its own names by degrees on most or all of the conquered nations, whose men and women, with few exceptions, have ever since been fain to bear them.

What on earth do I mean? Well, if you want to call attention to an unfamiliar idea, the best way, I've long discovered, is to formulate it first in its most startling and paradoxical shape, so as to attract attention, and then to pare away all the extraneous facts or false conceptions that make it seem improbable, leaving at last the central kernel of truth, which alone survives after all the successive qualifications and provisos. I shall hasten to explain, therefore, before you have time to set me down as a confirmed monomaniac, that when I say English in this connection I mean, not British, but Low Dutch; and that when I speak of the triumphant progress of our race across the Continent, I refer not to Wellington and Tommy Atkins, but to our remote ancestral paternal cousins, the Visigoths and the Vandals, who in point of fact were practically Englishmen, speaking the English tongue in one of its earliest and purest dialects.

I think, indeed, to avoid misconception, I will take you frankly into my confidence for once to-day, and begin by telling you exactly how and why this present article came to be written. I was talking a few weeks ago by the Mediterranean shore to one of the most learned scholars in Europe, a man who I generally take it for granted knows everything on earth that anybody knows, at least about human history and human development—our most distinguished anthropologist; and I happened casually in conversation to mention the fact, which to me had long been matter of familiar knowledge, that most European Christian names were of

Low Dutch origin; when, to my surprise, I found the idea was a novelty to my erudite companion. He didn't deny it, to be sure; but he didn't jump at it or accept it as obvious either; to say the plain truth, indeed, I was half inclined to think at first he doubted it. Now, the evidence on the point is so clear and the facts so certain that, when they are once fairly set forth, I don't think any reasonable person could possibly doubt them; and I had always imagined the true state of the case must be very well known to scholars everywhere. But when I came to find so great an authority on all human affairs had never even noticed this clear derivation of the modern European name-system from purely English or Low Dutch sources, I said to myself in my heart, 'It's quite clear, then, that myriads of my fellow-countrymen must be ignorant of the truth in this essential matter. Thousands of them must be daily hurrying to their graves, unaware of the truly English origin of Alphonse, Louis, and Ferdinand. So sad a state of intellectual destitution as these facts disclose must at once be remedied. I must devote my life (or at any rate an article in *LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE*) to clearing up the dense cloud of uncertainty and error which obviously overspreads the true relations of English Christian names to their analogues on the Continent.'

To begin with, then, I must explain that in order to get at the real original English names, which are English in root and stock and meaning, we must look away from the Johns and Williams and Thomases of semi-foreign types with which we are now most familiar, to the Ethelreds and Athelstans and Godrics and Wilfriths before the Norman Conquest. (For the present I mercifully allow you these early forms of English Christian names in their familiar modernised forms, so as to let you down gently; by-and-by, perhaps, when we've warmed up to our subject, I may possibly inflict them upon you again in all their naked Anglo-Saxon awesomeness.) Now, most people, of course, when they read early English history, regard the nomenclature of this first crop as something strange and foreign, and are quite relieved when they finally leave it behind for what sound like the truly English Guys and Hughs and Williams and Henries and Roberts who came over, like the Slys, 'with Richard Conqueror.' But a moment's consideration will suffice to show the intelligent and inquiring mind (meaning, as usual, you and me, dear Mr. Reader) that these are really not English names at all in the stricter sense, but Norman or Breton ones, lugged over here by the Conqueror or his Frenchified followers (like Augustus and Sophia in 'the

Hanover ship'), and eagerly adopted at once by the conquered English out of pure snobbery, just as the English of our own day have eagerly adopted the Alexandras and Victorias, the Alberts and Dagmars of the present reigning family. Indeed, I'm afraid it must be admitted that the British people at all times and seasons have shown an extraordinary taste for wearing the cast-off names of the ruling dynasty and the aristocracy of the passing moment. Thus, under the Saxon kings, they were all, without exception, Athelstans and Ethelberts, Seaxburhs and Aelfthryths; after the Danish invasion they suddenly blossomed out unawares into Swegens and Harolds, Biorns and Hardicanutes; with the advent of the Normans—hi, presto!—in a single generation, not to be out of the fashion, Godric and Godgifu had transformed themselves or their offspring as if by magic into William and Adeliza; but no sooner did a Stuart mount the united throne than Charleses and Jameses began to pullulate on the soil and pervade the streets, only to give way a little later to a sudden irruption of Georges and Ernests, Carolinas and Amelias, when 'the glorious House of Hanover and Protestant succession' became in due time an accomplished reality. It isn't among this conglomeration, in successive strata, of foreign names, eagerly adopted in relays by the free-born Englishman, that we are to look for the nomenclature which has run all over Europe. These are at best but naturalised aliens; the real English Christian names are for the most part uncouth and barbaric-looking words, which few of us would now recognise for fellow-countrymen if we met them casually in the crowded lanes of some continental city.

Furthermore, I must premise that when I speak of English here in a philological sense, I do so in the widest Pickwickian signification. I mean to imply by it, not British, but Low German. There was a time, of course—every High School girl has heard of it—when a great Low Dutch group of peoples inhabited some more or less indefinite region in north-western Europe, and spoke on the whole a fairly uniform language, of which English, Flemish, Dutch, and Frisian are the chief direct modern descendants, while Norwegian, Danish, Swedish, and Icelandic are remoter cousinly dialects. This ancient Teutonic language (English, not German) was also spoken by the Ostrogoths, the Visigoths, the Vandals, the Lombards, and most of the other northern tribes who conquered and submerged the Roman empire. As they walked over the world, they naturally took their own native names with them; and since they formed everywhere

the mediæval aristocracy of Europe, they found their own subjects quite as ready to call their sons and daughters after these new masters as the English in Britain were some centuries later to call theirs after Norman or Angevin, Stuart or Hanoverian. Thus it came to pass that the Visigoths carried these essentially English personal names in their train into Spain; the Suevi imported them into Portugal and the Asturias; the Lombards into Northern Italy; the Ostrogoths into Pannonia; the Franks and Burgundians into Northern Gaul and Provence; and the English into Britain. Nay, for a short time, the Vandals even ferried them over sea into Africa, where they only disappeared at last, in smoke and flame, from Carthage and Algiers, before the followers of the Prophet. And now, I hope, you will begin to see I wasn't quite so crazy in my first proposition as you were inclined to fancy at the outset of my article.

'But after all this merely means,' you will say, 'that a great many modern European names are Teutonic in origin.' Pardon me; it means a great deal more than that. It means that they are distinctively English or Low Dutch, as opposed to German or High Dutch—a most important difference. In every case where there is anything dialectically distinctive in the modern name at all, as used in France, Italy, Spain, or Portugal, one can see at a glance that it belongs by origin to the Low Dutch rather than to the High Dutch family. Not to bother you more than necessary with that mysterious-sounding Grimm's Law, which regulates the consonant changes between the two groups of languages, I will take a single concrete instance—the familiar instance of Theodoric. Now this is a purely English or Gothic or Low Dutch form—I shall have more to say about its origin and meaning hereafter—and its German or High Dutch equivalent is always Dietrich. Both these changes, of *th* into *d*, and of *c* into *ch*, take place quite regularly whenever a word passes from Low Dutch into High Dutch or from English into German (for, contrary to the common and unpatriotic idea, our own language is an older and more primitive form of the antique mother-tongue than the language of Germany). For example, *three* in English becomes *drei* in German; *thou* in English becomes *du* in German; so *thank* becomes *danken*, *that* becomes *das*, *think* is rendered by *denken*, *thing* by *ding*, *thorn* by *dorn*, *thief* by *dieb*, *thirst* by *durst*, *thistle* by *distel*, and *throstle* by *drossel*. Similarly, wherever a word runs through both divergent branches of the mother-tongue alike, you will always find that the English *th* turns into a *d* in

German. Therefore Theodoric, or more properly Theodric, is an English or Gothic form of the name, while Dietrich is a German one. Indeed, in German folk-lore, Theodoric the Goth, the great king of Italy, who lived mostly at Verona, bears the Germanised form of the name, as 'Dietrich of Bern.' But to his Gothic fellow-countrymen he was only known as Theodric or Thiodric, which was also a common name among Englishmen in Britain before the devastating deluge of the Norman conquest.

As a first step towards the understanding of these English names, and therefore of the whole existing modern European name-system, let us begin by considering how they are made up. And in this matter our best guides are those very self-same heathenish-looking Anglo-Saxon names, which, as we saw, our eleventh-century ancestors were so anxious to slough off in favour of the new-fangled and fashionable Norman-French importations. Every such Anglo-Saxon name, and for the matter of that every Teutonic name in general also, consists of two halves, each of which separately forms a word in the language, with a meaning of its own, though they are often compounded together quite arbitrarily without the compound as a whole yielding any intelligible or consistent sense. Thus from the root *æthel*, 'noble,' we get such names as Aethelred, Aethelwulf, Aethelberht, Aethelstan, and Aethelbald. From the similar root, *ead*, 'rich' or 'powerful,' we get the strictly corresponding set of names, Eadred, Eadwulf, Eadberht, Eadstan, and Eadbald, as well as the better-known forms, Eadgar (Edgar), Eadward (Edward), and Eadwine (Edwin). Again, the elves or ancestral spirits were very important people with the early Teutons, as with most other ancient nations; so we get *ælf*, 'an elf,' as the principal element in Aelfred, Aelfric, Aelfwine, Aelfward, and Aelfstan.¹ These were the favourite names of the West-Saxon royal house; the Northumbrian kings affected rather forms compounded of *os*, 'divine' (originally *ans*), such as Oswald, Osric, Osred, Oscar, and Oslaf. The word *wine*, 'friend,' forms the termination in Aescwine, Eadwine, Aethelwine, Oswine, and Aelfwine; and we might if we liked translate these words as Friend of the (sacred) Ash, Powerful Friend, Noble Friend, Divine Friend (or, Friend of the Gods), and Friend of the Elves, respectively. But as a rule, once a syllable got to be regarded as a fit and proper one for forming names from, it was

¹ Unfortunately, while *ælf* has been modernised as 'elf,' its derivative Aelfred (the wisdom of the elves) has been modernised as Alfred. So, while Aethelstan becomes Athelstan, Aethelred becomes Ethelred; and we lose the analogy.

compounded with others, *à tort et à travers*, without much consideration of resulting congruity; just as we ourselves compound our own Christian and surnames anyhow, producing sometimes such queer results as Corney Grain or Field Flowers Goe.

Thus, once more, *wulf*, 'a wolf' (always a very sacred and dignified animal among barbaric peoples), appears as the first half of Wulfstan, Wulfric, Wulfred, and Wulfhere; while it crops up once again in the second half of Aethelwulf, Eadwulf, Ealdwulf, and Cynewulf. *Beorht*, *berht*, or *briht*, 'bright,' as it is variously written in different dialects, comes first in Beorhttric, Beorhtwulf, and Brihtwald; second in Aethelberht, Ealdbriht, and Eadberht. *Burh*, 'a fort,' was regarded as more suitable, on grounds of gender alone, to women's names, such as Eadburh, Aethelburh, Sexburh, and Wihtburh. I wouldn't dwell at such length upon these points, however, about our own rude ancestors, were it not for the fact that the self-same syllables, as we shall presently see, are the very ones out of which the entire nomenclature of mediæval and modern Europe is mostly made up. Unfamiliar as they sound in our ears to-day, these uncouth words are in very truth the roots from which are derived the mellifluous and musical and romantic names of modern Spain and Italy.

Here is a short and informal list of the principal remaining early English roots which enter into the formation of the European name-system:—*Helm*, helmet; *gar*, spear; *gifu*, gift; *here*, army; *sige*, victory; *cyne*, royal; *leof*, dear; *wig*, war; *stan*, stone; *eald*, old, venerable; *weard* (or *ward*), protection; *red*, counsel; *ecg*, edge, sword; and *theod*, people. The irrepressible Girton girl in our midst will long ere this have observed for herself, without giving me the trouble of telling her, not only that this Anglo-Saxon system is essentially the same as the ancient Greek, but also that the very words employed in it as name-formers are identical in meaning with the roots of the Hellenic names. Indeed, these roots and the system that employs them are common to the entire Aryan race, and are supposed to form a guarantee of pure Aryan blood in the peoples that make use of them. This must be a great comfort to Professor Max Müller, and also to Englishmen of unmixed Teutonic ancestry (if any such there be); though those among us who are conscious of Irish, Highland Scotch, or Silurian descent will have to comfort ourselves somehow as best we can for the knowledge that our fathers possessed a totally different system of nomenclature all of their own, and didn't call one another Noble Spears, Bright Helmets, Elf-Gifts,

War-Stones, Royal Swords, or Wolves of Victory, like those superior Real Aryans whom we all so greatly admire and envy. Indeed, to say the truth, the name-systems of all European nations alike point back to very early and barbaric conditions, and don't seem to me to leave much to choose between one set of semi-savage ancestors and the other. Sitting Bull and Red Horse call themselves to this day very much after the true old Aryan fashion.

As examples of the diffusion of these Low Dutch or essentially English Christian names on the Continent, I propose to begin with the set to which our first specimen, Theodoric, belongs—the group of names derived from the root *theod*, 'the people.' With the addition of *ric*, 'king' or 'kingdom,' or perhaps rather in some cases even 'rich,' we get the form Theodric, that is to say, King of the People—a right royal name if ever there was one. The Romans, who disliked the collocation of the consonants in this word, inserted a euphonic *o* out of their own heads to make it into Theodoric or Theodoricus, just as they made the similar English name Ordric into Ordericus, and just as they twisted Cnut into Canutus, or Karl into Carolus. The French form, derived of course from the Frankish Theodoric, is now shortened into Thierry, just as Heinric has been shortened into Henry and Henri. Notice in passing, by the way, that Hearnric or Heinric, not Heinrich, is the Low Dutch form; the aspirated *rich*, as in Dietrich and Friedrich, belonging only to the degraded High German variants. In Italian, the name survives as Teodorico, and in Spanish as Theodorico.

Other *theod* names are common in many countries. Theobald, for example, has for its second element that same syllable, *bald*, roughly equivalent to 'prince,' which also occurs in Aethelbald and Herebald. In modern English this has gone off into Theobald, and as a surname has even degenerated into Tybald and Tybalt. But in France the Frankish Theudebald has softened gradually into Thiebault and Thiebaud, which, of course, could never come from High German Dietbald. In Italian the word reappears as Teobaldo and Tebaldo, which last is the original of Romeo's Tybalt. The Spanish Theudebaldo is practically dead, I fancy; but the Portuguese have not yet quite forgotten Theobaldo. Theodlind is the true English form for the Lady of Lombardy whom we know best in her Latinised shape of Queen Theodolind; and Theodmir still drags out a feeble existence abroad as Theudemir and Theodomiro.

Few people, I fancy, would suspect a hidden Englishman in Giuseppe Garibaldi; but in early Italian history we get the name Garibaldo, which is just the Gothic or English Garbald, or Spear Prince, slightly Italianised. The self-same root occurs once more in Edgar and Elfgar (I modernise a little) as well as in Gerwald and Gerhard, the first of which is the father of Gerald in English, Giraud in French, and Giraldo in Italian; while the second is the undoubted ancestor of Gerard, Gérard, Gherardo, and Gerardo. Gerberto and Garcilasso date back on their very faces to analogous origins.

Again, St. Bernard would seem to most of us at first sight a fairly thorough-going Frenchman. Nothing Teutonic about his mien or aspect. But the sacred bear of the northern races gave him the first syllable of his name; while the second is the same element *hard* that we also get in Gerhard, in Hardwine (Hardouin, Ardoino), and in 'Hardicanute.' From Bernhard, which of course is the primitive form, the English made Bernard and sometimes Barnard, the French Bernard, the Italians Bernardo and Bernardino, and the Spaniards Bernardo, with its diminutive Bernal. More prolific still is the sacred wolf whose name was long since borne by good Bishop Ulphilas, the Goth, to whose translation of the Gospels into his native tongue we are indebted for our knowledge of the early Gothic dialect of the English language. Bishop Wulfstan of Wessex bore the same name in a slightly altered form. Eadwulf, the noble wolf, scarcely distinguishable at times from his double Aethelwulf, got early Latinised into Ataulphus and Adolphus, and comes back to us at last a perfect stranger in French Adolphe, and Italian Adolfo or Udolfo. Who could ever have believed that the *Mysteries of Udolpho* were all really got up by a transmogrified Ethelwulf? Plain Wulf by itself gets Italianised as Guelfo, and so gives origin to the famous name of the Guelphs, the deadly enemies of the imperialist Ghibellines. Wulfgang or Wolfgang, Wulfred, Wulfrith, and Wulfhild have also pervaded Europe; while Wulfram turns up as St. Vulfran at Abbeville.

Italian Odoardo, once more, is just English Edward, the single example of a so-called Anglo-Saxon name that survived the Norman Conquest in Britain, and therefore sounds to us nowadays like modern English. It pulled through, however, as they say in the West Country, 'more by hap than cunning.' And this was the reason of its strange escape from extinction. Henry III., our saintliest king, had a great respect for saints in general and for

royal saints in particular. A fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind, and no doubt he hoped himself in the end, by judicious flattery, to be reckoned among their number. Now, he had had two saintly predecessors in the English kingdoms, St. Edmund of East Anglia and Edward the Confessor. So he called his eldest son, Edward I., after one of them, the builder of the first Westminster Abbey, which Henry pulled down and re-erected in his honour, and his second son, Edmund Crouchback, Earl of Lancaster, after the other. This timely royal patronage saved Edward entirely, and Edmund partially, from the utter neglect which overtook all our other early English names in their purely Saxon or native forms.

For it is interesting at this point in our progress to notice that the apparently foreign Norman-French names which William and his followers brought over in their ships from St. Valéry to Hastings were, after all, only good old English or Low Dutch types, which returned to us in altered and half indistinguishable shapes after their grand tour on the Continent. Their history, indeed, is sufficiently curious and varied. The Franks took them first from the old fatherland into Gaul;¹ there the Romano-Celtic population, following the usual snobbish practice of all subject peoples, eagerly adopted them from the Frankish aristocracy. When the Northmen settled in Neustria, which they turned into Normandy, they copied the fashionable nomenclature of the Frankish Court; and when they went over to England, they re-introduced once more into Britain these old native English words, in shapes that seemed to eleventh-century Englishmen quite fashionably foreign, fine, and incomprehensible.

Take as a good example this very name of Henry, borne by the builder of our existing Abbey. Its original form is Heanric or Heinric, and the meaning of the first syllable is still a little uncertain. But the name was rare or unknown in insular England before the Conquest, and conspicuously appears for the first time in France as the title of the third king of the Capet dynasty. Thence William the Conqueror took it from the reigning French monarch for his youngest son, Henry I., from whom it spread rapidly through the length and breadth of England. There are three Henries already recorded in Domesday Book; and as no less than eight sovereigns of the name sat on the English throne, 'Harry' became naturally one of the prime baptismal favourites

¹ The Franks are commonly said to have spoken old High German: but their names, at any rate, are of Low Dutch type, as will appear in the sequel.

with our British public. (It helps a man so much to renounce the pomps and vanities of this wicked world, if you christen him at the font after the reigning monarch.) On the Continent, the various variants were equally common, especially in France, where, as Miss Yonge reminds us in her excellent, if somewhat uncritical, *History of Christian Names* (to which I owe no small acknowledgments), its popularity culminated during the religious wars, when Henri de Valois, Henri de Bourbon, and Henri de Guise were fighting 'the War of the Three Henris.' In Spanish, the name became Enrique, or sometimes Henriquez; and in Portugal, under the first-mentioned form, it mounted the throne with a Henri from Burgundy, and has since become famous in history in the person of Prince Henry the Navigator. The Italians transform it with Italian smoothness into Enrico, Arrigo, and Enzo. Its Dutch form is well known to us all in the case of Hendrik Hudson; but the High Germans, of course, alter it, according to their gasping habit, into the aspirated Heinrich.

While I am on the subject of Henry, a far-reaching theme, I will just give a word in passing to the artificial feminine equivalent, Henrietta, invented as Henriette in France while Henris were so fashionable, and brought over to England by Henrietta Maria, daughter of Henri IV., and wife of Charles I. Hence the whole brood of Harriets, Hatties, Hetties, and Ettas, as well as the Spanish Enriquetas, and the Italian Enrighettas.

Louis, once more, is a name which sounds to most of us at the present day peculiarly French, and certainly very un-English. Yet there were Louis or their equivalents among the continental English in their home by the mouth of Elbe long before there were any bearers of that famous title in the land that is now called France after its English conquerors. The first half of the word is *hlod*, 'famous,' or 'renowned'; and the second half is our old friend *wig*, 'war,' as in Eadwig (Edwy), and Oswig (Oswy). Hlodwig is thus equivalent to 'famous war,' or perhaps more truly to 'famous warrior,' or 'war-famed'; and its Latinised form, Ludovicus, still keeps pretty close to the memory of its original shape. Now these *hlod* names, as it happens, were great favourites with the Frankish royal family, just as Aethels were in Wessex, and Os's in Northumbria. But the Roman provincials found the initial *h* a terrible stumbling-block to their lisping lips (as vulgar Englishmen still find the same sound in Welsh *ll*), and generally Latinised it by the easier *ch*. So the first Hlodwig who went into Gaul as an important conqueror, bears in Low Latin the

name of Chlodio; while his more famous grandson is known to us all in the disguised and Frenchified form of Clovis. Clovis's wife was a Burgundian Hlodhild, now half disguised for us in the truly Gallic garb of Clotilde, though contemporary Latin chroniclers knew her rather as Chlodechilda (pronounce the *ch* hard in every case as a guttural). In later days, Hlodwig, Clovis, or Hludvis, got gradually softened into Loudvis and Louis, though Llucluicus is the intermediate Latinised shape in which the name was officially borne by the person we know as Louis le Debonnaire. Since seventeen Louis sat on the throne of France (not counting Clovis or the poor little Dauphin), and one of them was also a saint, the name became naturally the most popular in France. Thence it spread to Italy, for the most part as Luigi, though a more truly local and national form, Lodovico, introduced by the Lombards, held its ground in Lombardy, where it has been made familiar to us all by the famous name of Ludovico Sforza. In Spain it became Luis; in Portugal, Luiz; and in Provence, Aloys or Alois, more renowned under its artificial feminine form of Aloyse or Héloïse. Louise and Louisa belong to the same stock; so do also the Anglicised Lewis and the High German Ludwig.

The other familiar Frankish names are just as transparently English in origin when we come to analyse them. Thus 'Meroveus,' as he is absurdly called, the founder of the Merwing or Merovingian dynasty (notice once more the intrusive Latin *o*), was a good English Merwig; Chlodomir was a Hlodmir; Lothaire was a Hlodhere or Hlodhare; and St. Cloud himself was a pure English Hlodwald.

Alfonso, to take another extreme and striking instance, sounds to English ears at the present day quite Spanish and foreign; but to the Spaniards of the Roman province it sounded on the contrary quite Gothic or English. It is one of the large group of names derived from *hild*, 'battle,' one of which is familiar to us all in the case of the famous St. Hilda of Whitby (a Latinised lady, of course, as becomes your saints; she was plain Hild in her native English). A male name from this root is Hildfuns, which means, apparently, 'eager for battle.' This crude form, that would have made Quintilian stare and gasp, got softened on gentler Hispano-Roman lips to Ildefonso, in which guise it is applied to the patron saint of Toledo. Shortened once more into Alfonso, it became the most popular of all Spanish names, and has occupied the throne no less than twelve separate times before the accession of the present baby. The Spaniards in

turn took it with them to Naples, and it spread across the Pyrenees into France as Alphonse; but as Alphonso in English it has always had a certain sort of comic ring about it; while the variant, Alonso, much used in Spain, has been rendered impossible in Britain by *Alonzo the Brave and the Fair Imogene*.

A few other *hild* names not unworthy of notice are Hildbrand, which becomes Hildebrand in the case of the mighty Pope, and then varies into Aldobrando, Aldrovando, and Latin Aldrovandus; Hildgund, which becomes Aldegonde; Hildbert, which is Latinised during the Frank period into Childebert; as well as Hlodhild or Clothilde; Mathilde, Matilda, or Maud; and the mongrel Bathildis.

It is interesting, too, to take one such name in detail and trace it up from its first origin through all its ramifications. For instance, there is Ferdinand. The first half of this word is *feorh*, 'youth' or 'life'; the second half is a little uncertain, but may be conjectured to be probably *nanth*, 'daring.' It was the Spanish Goths who gave it its earliest vogue in the Peninsula as Fernando or Fernan. San Fernando, King of Castile, sent it on to Aragon, and thence to Naples, where it became Ferdinando, and figures in the *Tempest* accordingly as Ferdinand. With Ferdinand and Isabella its fame grew world-wide. Again, in Spain itself, it became Hernando and Hernan, in which last shape it was immortalised by Cortez. Who would have suspected the conqueror of Mexico of bearing a name which on analysis turns out to be pure Anglo-Saxon?

Look again at the curious adventures and life-history of Alaric. The real word, of course, is Alric, or something like it, a form exactly analogous to the Aethelrics, Godrics, Osrics, and Heanrics (or Henries) of early English history. *Athal* or *athel* in Low Dutch answers by the usual rule to *adal* or *edel* in High German. The full name is therefore no doubt Athalric, Latinised in its earliest shape as Athalaricus, and then generally shortened to Alaricus or Alaric, though the longer form survives in our authorities. The High German variant is Udalrich, similarly contracted for convenience into Ulrich. Hence we get in English three derivatives—Athelric, Alaric (Watts), and Ulric, the last being borrowed direct from the German saint who was Archbishop of Augsburg. The French have also Alaric, Ulric, and Olery—a truly native variant. Italian has Alarico and Ulrico; but the Spaniards seem to have skipped it, as they have also done the cognate Athelbert, Ethelbert, Albert, and Alberto, which re-

appear in High German as Adalbert and Albrecht. Charibert, too, is only explicable when we regard it as the strong Frankish form of Hereberht, which softens in later English into Herbert. St. Haribert of Cologne bears the self-same name in an intermediate shape which bridges over the difference. Gensric of the Vandals, better known to us as Genserich, shows an intrusive vowel quite analogous to Alaric's.

For the rest I must be brief and lump my examples together. Here are a few, taken almost at haphazard. The whole tribe of Godfrey, Geoffrey, Godefroy, Geoffroi, Godofredo, Goffredo, and so forth, are every man Jack of them good English Godfriths, who in High German would, of course, be hardened into Gottfrieds. The same root comes in once more in Godric, Godwine, and Godgifu or Godiva; but Gustavus, Gustave, and the like, have rather for their root-syllable *guth*, or good. Anselmo is Anshelm—that is to say, 'divine helmet'; *ans* being an older form than the *Os* of Oscar and Osric, found also in Ansgard, the 'divine garden' or Elysium of the northern races. Frederick is Fridric or Frithric, but has pervaded the Continent as Frédéric, Federigo, Federico, and even Fred; its High German equivalent is Friedrich, with the usual harsh aspirate. The race-name Frank itself gives rise to François or Francis, which becomes Francisco in Spanish (familiar to us all through San Francisco or Frisco), and Italianises as Francesco, shortened into Cecco. The feminine forms include Frances, Fanny, Fanchon, Fanchette, Francesca, and Cecca. Baldwin or Baldwin, once more (the first half of which reappears in Aethelbald, and the last half in Eadwine), gives the Flemish-French forms of Baudouin and Baudoin. Much more general or universal is the name Wilhelm, which happens to contain no consonant liable to Grimm's Law, and is therefore the same in High and Low Dutch. The Conqueror spelt himself 'Wilhelm' or 'Willelm'; but in a very short time the name was cut down in England to William. In France it became Guillaume, just on the same principle that *war* becomes *guerre*, *Walter* becomes *Gautier*, *ward* becomes *garder*, and *wage* becomes *gage*. Compare *wasp* with *guêpe*, *wastel* with *gâteau* (*gastel*, *gasteau*), *wafer* with *gauffre*, and *warrant* with *garanti*. In Italy Guglielmo has taken slight root, and the Latinised Gulielmus shows the same declension from a more original Guillelmus, still found on coins of the intermediate period. Philibert and Filiberto are similarly descended from Wilbert; and Fulbert is an even more Frenchified form of the same compound. After these examples, the reader

will probably have no difficulty in resolving for himself Arnolfo or Arnulf into Earnwulf; Arnolfo, Arnaldo, Arnold, and Arnaud into Earnwald; and Onofredo or Humphrey into Hunfrith. So Sigismond and Sigismondo are merely variants of Sigemund; while Sigebert and other allied forms have given rise to sundry Siberts, Sigefroys, and Sibaldos. As for Carl, Karl, Charles, and Carlo, it needs no special knowledge of linguistics to discover at once their Low Dutch origin. For in this case even High German itself (which ought, of course, to write the word with a guttural *ch*), has borrowed perforce the Low Dutch form rendered famous by the example of the great Frankish emperor.

I will not pursue the subject further through the varying fortunes of Robert, Roger, Orlando, Roland, Walter, Rodolph, Lambert, Richard, Bertrand, and Réné, every one of which can be equally traced to English sources. I have said enough, I hope, to make my main thesis clear to the most careless reader. Put briefly, it is this. The greater part of the Christian names now in use in Europe are of English or Low Dutch origin. These names were borne in common in the primitive fatherland by all the branches of the conquering Low Dutch race, which in the decadence of the Roman Empire overran the whole of southern and western Europe. They took their national names with them wherever they went; and the subject populations eagerly adopted them after a while from the Gothic aristocracies. But the different nations twisted them aside a good deal in course of time, in accordance with the genius of their various provincial Latin dialects. The purest forms of the names are generally to be found in that ancient type of the English language which, for convenience' sake, we commonly describe as Anglo-Saxon; and Anglo-Saxon always gives us at least the pure forms of the roots from which they are compounded. High German names, on the other hand, do not as a rule occur outside Germany. Indeed, there is only one important set of exceptions to the general principle that European Christian names are chiefly Low Dutch, and that is in the case of names derived from Scripture, such as John, Thomas, and Mary, or from the early Christian saints, such as Ambrose, Augustine, and Catherine. Later saints themselves usually bear names of English origin. The nomenclature of Europe, to put it in one word, is essentially Gothic, Lombardic, or English.

GRANT ALLEN.

Adieu !

YOU have a heart of fire and gold—
 Nor gold nor fire for me is bright ;
 I would forget those days of old,
 Which seemed to show your heart aright.

Not mine to mix among the crowd
 Who worship you, and bend the knee,
 To sing your praises long and loud—
 Love's silence is reserved for me.

My love, that is both dumb and deep,
 Is freely given as 'tis true ;
 What secret still the Fates may keep
 I know not—but I say, Adieu !

I say Adieu because my part
 Must be to leave that whirling train,
 Where every moment is a smart,
 And every day a year of pain.

WALTER HERRIES POLLOCK.

How Martha didn't Marry a Sumpman.

A CORNISH MINING STORY.

'NO, I ain't going to marry no sumpman,¹ Harry, ef you do want me; theest must larn some traade or 'nuther.'

'Traade!' There was a world of scorn in Harry Trethowan's voice as he echoed the girl's word. 'I've been a sumpman saame as feyther, and his feyther, and his feyther's feyther, way backlong to Adam I do b'law (I believe). I cuddn't be nawthun' else. Why, ye're a rack-maiden² yerself, Martha, and do work to bal,³ saame as I do! What do ee do that for?' he asked triumphantly, feeling certain that Martha could not answer him.

But his knowledge of women was of the slightest (owing to his youth), or he would not have been sure of any action on the part of one of them. Martha answered promptly.

'Because I do like being my own missus, and having my hevenings to myself, and to wear what cloes I do like. So there now, are ee satisfied?'

Harry did not answer at once, but stood silently watching her as she gazed saucily up at him. She looked so sturdy and independent in her mine-girl's dress, with her short woollen petticoat, clean white touser, big bonnet, black worsted stockings, and her tiny feet clad in leather shoes of Harry's own making, that she angered him. He felt he would conquer her, and lost his temper as he asked angrily, 'Why want ee marry a sumpman?'

'Why?' Martha sat herself down on the stile by which they were standing, that divided the bal-dumps⁴ from the lane which wound downhill to the village of St. Endellion.

¹ A miner.

² A mine-girl that works at a 'rack,' and who separates the particles of tin from the finely crushed ore.

³ A mine.

⁴ Heaps of refuse from the mines, or 'bals.'

'Why?' she said again, more gently than she had yet spoken. 'Because—— I do want to be a proper widdaw, and for ee to have a proper burrying.'

'A widdaw! Aw, my dear! I don't see what ee do want me to die for.'

'I doant! That's what I'm a telling of ee.'

'But theest said——'

'Theest a great bufflehead,' interrupted the girl in softened tones, and a glance of her bright dark eyes, which Harry was quick to take advantage of. But Martha evaded the touch of his outstretched hand, and waving him back, continued: 'I do mane ef I got to be a widdaw, I shudn't like to be a second 'Un Jane up to Wheal¹ Vor.'

There was silence. The fate of 'Un Jane, or, to be more correct, Aunt Jane, was too well known to need any explanation. The term 'Un Jane' did not mean that she was a relation of Martha's; simply 'Un,' for 'Aunt,' is a term of respect applied to elderly and old women, as 'Uncle' is to old men in Cornwall. The case of 'Un Jane was indeed a warning to girls not to marry 'sumpmen.' It was now many years since her man was 'blawed up.' The facts were as follows:—'Un Jane's' man—his very name was forgotten—was sinking a shaft at Wheal Vor; his assistant had missed in charging a hole; it was therefore necessary to pick out the charge—a dangerous operation for the operator. Whilst 'Un Jane's man' was engaged in picking it out, the charge exploded. When the remains were brought to the surface, their aspect was so horrible that one of the miners shovelled them into the furnace of an engine close at hand.

Bitter as was the trouble to 'Un Jane,' it was made unutterably more so by the absence of a corpse to lay out, and for the neighbours to admire. There was no funeral, with its hymn-singing, winding down the steep hill to the parish church of St. Endellion. 'There wasn't nawthin.' And 'Un Jane cuddn't wear black without a funeral, nor a body.' And 'passon wuddent leave her put a headstone up 'mongst his people's, as there wasn't no grave.' So the poor woman was only a widow 'by compliment,' as it were, and was an object of unfeigned pity to the whole mining community.

Harry at first seemed convinced by Martha's argument, but a

¹ 'Wheal' is from 'huel,' the ancient Cornish for 'a work,' and is used constantly in Cornwall before the name of a mine.

few moments' reflection showed him the feebleness of Martha's reasoning.

'Tes nonsense, Martha; we arn't driving no shafts up to Wheal Agnes, and shaant be; I awnly wish we cud; 'twould shaw times was lookin' up a bit, instid of gettin' bad, as Cappun Williams do say they are. 'Tes pure fullishness.'

'Fullishness is et? Aw, my dear, I baant so fullish as to marry a sumpman ef the bal es going scat.'¹

'I dedn't say 'twas, Martha. I awnly said——'

'I was fullish,' finished Martha, rising with dignity; and as she saw Harry was going to accompany her she said angrily, 'Noa, I doant want ee; I'm goin' to see ef Charley Tresize can mend the hen-house door.'

Harry was too angry to reply to her, or to attempt to follow her as she ran away up the side of the dump, and off to the broad white high road, by the side of which lay her father's cottage.

It was pure fiction about Charley Tresize; Martha only said it because she felt she had no more strength of mind left to say 'No' to Harry just then. Retreat was her only chance of making a good fight another day, for she liked him better than any of her other admirers; but she would not marry a 'sumpman,' of that she was determined.

'Where she do get her notions, I doant know,' her mother said when, later in the evening, Martha mentioned casually she had 'towld Harry Trethowan she wudn't have un ef he dedn't larn a traade.' 'Ye'll die a h'old maid, that you will,' were her mother's parting words as Martha ascended the creaking stairs that led to her bedroom.

'Where Martha got her notions' was the perpetual wonder of the neighbours, 'or her looks either.' She was as unlike her parents and neighbours as it was possible for her to be. She defied her mother when the latter tried to persuade her to go to 'mittin', and laughed at her father when he reproved her for her 'haythenish ways.' But not a scrap did Martha care; her gurgling laugh bubbled forth, and she tilted her head back, showing her firm fat little throat, as though it were the funniest thing in the world to be scolded and reproved. She was so round one wondered how she walked on the soles of her feet; it was impossible they could be flattened. Martha wore the smallest shoes of any girl that worked at the mine, and she did not 'go shares' in the blacking and brushes with which the girls polished their shoes preparatory

¹ 'Bal es going scat'—Mine is going to stop working.

to sallying forth in the dinner-hour. No! Martha had hers to herself; she was not going to wait for 'turns.' She'd always have 'first turn' herself, and be first in the field to take her pick of the young men to be her 'shiner' for the time.

Her dinner, in common with the other girls, was of saffron cake, or a figgy hobbin (a lump of dough with a handful of figs, as they call raisins, stuck into the middle of it and baked). Their drink cold tea. On it they contrived to look in perfect health, and to do fatiguing work without any apparent effort. But the choice of a 'shiner,' with whom to talk after the slender meal was partaken of—well, that required care. And Martha was careful in her choice; she rarely had the same man 'twice running.' On the rare occasion that she had so favoured one, that man was Harry Trethowan.

She was extravagant, too, and mean. In the matter of stockings, Martha, of course, knitted them herself. All the girls did. Their straw sheaths tucked into the bands of their tousers,¹ they clicked merrily away with their needles as they walked along the road, or gossiped as they stood in groups. Now every one knows that a stocking should be refooted as long as the leg holds together. Should be, I say. Martha's were not, at least, not by her, after the leg began to show a green tinge. The 'bal girl's' petticoats only reach halfway down the calf of the leg, so it is readily understood that the black woollen stockings form an important item in their costume. To keep her stockings a uniform colour was Martha's ambition. She sold the legs of them, when from much washing the green tinge appeared, to her less coquettish sisters for three-pence a pair. But with a twinkle in her dark eyes she defended her line of action—even claimed for it superior economy.

'Ef I was to wear they things, do ee think that Harry Trethowan wud maake my shoes for me for nawthin'?'

'More shaame to ee,' retorted her mother, 'when you doan't waalk out with un, not to say constant.'

Then Martha laughed, and her thin, bright red lips parted over her small white teeth, which were rather pointed, like those of a rat, as she went on with her bargaining over some 'legs' she was offering for sale to her friend Alma.

'They're wored,' grumbled Alma, in her slow voice that seemed to drop from her full, loosely hung lips.

'Wored, my dear soul,' snapped Martha, 'a coorse they are. D'ye think I'd sell 'em ef they wasn't? But get away, you shan't

¹ 'Tousers'—aprons, from 'toute serve.'

have 'em at oal. Such a good shaape they are, too; why, ef you do want Charley Tresize for a shiner you shu'd buy 'em, for my legs is fine and keenly shaaped. They'd set ee off fine.'

Alma hesitated and was lost. The fact of the superior shape Martha knitted her stockings was the secret of their popularity. Her clever fingers accentuated the slimness of her ankle and the swelling fulness of her calf.

'Why doan't ee sell them when they're new, and maake a good profit?' her mother once asked her.

Martha's laugh gurgled forth from her full throat.

'I aant goin' to have none of them girls looking so well as I do. Ef they havn't got more pride than to go round in my auld green legs, I doant mind. Ev'ry wan do know then; they arn't goin' to have good shaapes and good colours too, I can tell ee.'

Martha's eightpence a day of wages went further than any of the other girls made theirs go. She was a good customer to the 'Johnny Fortnights,' as the packmen are called, from the fact that they go around once a fortnight with their drapery goods. And, also unlike many of her neighbours, she never went into debt. She sewed her own garments, and cut out and made all but her 'very best' dresses. In her trunk (as she proudly called the oblong deal box that held her clothes) she kept her 'stock.' Always she had half a dozen dresses, and the same quantity of each kind of undergarment in the trunk, the latter all trimmed with handsome crochet lace, made by Martha herself. And never would she take from her 'stock' until she had a newly made article of clothing ready to replace the one taken out.

'How do ee find time, Martha?' Alma would ask in her slow loose-lipped way.

'How?' Martha replied derisively. 'How? Well, I'll tell ee. I doant go foolin' round 'pon nights weth shiners, nor I doant waste time up to mittins to the chapel. I do have a shiner denner hours, and 'pon Sundays when I do go to church. I doan't mind them comin' in evenings to mend my shoes, or to play 'pon father's harmonium. But I do sew all the time they're there.'

Martha went to church. How she got that notion no one knew, and great airs she gave herself in consequence. Three miles down the hill to St. Endellion Church, and three miles up-hill home, every Sunday, rain or fine. It gave her a chance to use a handsome Prayer-book some one had given her; who, I don't know. She carried it in her gloved hand, wrapped in a clean white pocket-handkerchief, and although she held it open

in church she could not read it. For she would never go to school; if sent, she 'minceyed' (played truant), so she was left alone. She based her preference for church on the fact 'she could hear people talk what she could understand every day of her life, so 'twasn't worth while to go to chapel for that traade.' But what she liked to hear was 'a fine scholared, with words she cudn't make nothin' of, all struck off the tip of his tongue. And his hands white, and a clane handkercher, and oiled hair. And a sarvint to finish up his prayers for un, and say Aamen. And the Miss Brays and the Miss Tregelliss (farmers' daughters of the neighbourhood), purtendin' to listen and lookin' 'pon each other's bonnets.'

'But what will that do for ee when you do come to die?' asked her father.

Martha laughed, which so incensed her parents that for once she had to go to chapel with them to appease their wrath.

There was a 'revival' on, and many were 'down' with 'conviction of sin.' And 'brothers' came from far and near to conduct the 'revival mittins.' Martha attired herself in her second 'best silk,' a bright green dress with white lines running across the green, a white bonnet with a rose in it that vied with Martha's cheeks in brightness, white cotton gloves, and a white silk sunshade. Her dark eyes sparkled as she 'looked on' at the screaming, praying, and singing; her thin red lips curled contemptuously. She would have turned up her little nose, but its delicate aquiline curve made that an impossibility.

On her return home Martha proceeded to give her parents her 'mind' on the subject.

'Simmin' to me, 'tes the bestest lookin' young women do get the mostest of prayin'; for you do never see a woman prayin' weth a woman; they do alleys go to the men. Why Alma had fower class-leaders a prayin' ovver her; and not wan of 'em went 'nest Sally Polwhele, along a her bein' oogly. And she—right down howlin' for spite that she was let alone to pray ovver her sins. I doant hold weth such ways and callin' it religion when 'tes awnly coortin'——' But here Martha found it wise to retire to bed.

The next night was Midsummer Eve, and Martha attired in an *old* cotton dress (for fear it should be burnt), her oldest shoes, beautifully blacked and shined, and white knitted stockings. These last not old, thereby rousing her mother's indignation again; but Martha's tactful remark of 'Ye shu'd a larned me to

wear sluttish stockings when I was little ef ye wanted me to wear 'em now I'm growed up,' proved to be as oil on troubled waters. And it was with pride she viewed her daughter, when, her costume completed by the white bonnet with the red rose, she stood drawing on her gloves, and giving directions to her companions.

'You'd best arm Alma, Harry; and Charley and me'll lead.'

As Martha decreed, so it happened; poor Alma had always to take the man Martha did not happen to want. It was hard on her to-night, for she worshipped Charley as much as Harry did Martha, so they two were but a sad-faced couple.

Martha and Charley led the procession of about a dozen couples, and the matrons and old women criticised them as they passed the cottages that lay on each side of the broad, white high-road. In Martha and Charlie, however, their interest centred; the latter looked 'pearl,' with a red rose in his button-hole matching the one in Martha's bonnet. His hat stuck so much on one side that it almost hung on his ear—a sure sign a young man is trying to look a 'shiner'—*anglicè*, *masher*. They held their heads high, forming a cruel contrast to Alma and Harry who followed, looking, the onlookers said, 'shaamed' and 'sheepish.'

They found a large company assembled about the huge pile of furze and tar barrels from all the country round, for White Cross was on high ground, and to be seen from all the neighbouring hills. And the miners felt it incumbent to them to 'shaw what they cu'd do.' The sun seemed loth to sink behind the hills and leave so fair a sight, and the groups played 'kiss in the ring' until the sun should set. And even later, for the glory of the after-glow, all yellow and crimson, with masses of purple clouds, seemed to fill half the sky. But at last the night gained, and the darkness encroached on the light and finally subdued it. In its place from all the surrounding hills glowed the bonfires shining redly out of the gloom. The old whitewashed stone cross that gave its name to the spot was glorified by the flames that rose from 'Martha's bonfire.' It would have been curious to know of how many such fires the granite stone had been a silent witness. To know of the transition of the heathen worship of the sun on Midsummer Eve—when the fires were lit in joy that the sun was at its fullest glory—to the Christian worship of the blessed St. John, when Midsummer Eve was attempted to be called St. John's Eve. The Irish saints did their best to reconcile the heathen to Christianity, even converting their rugged granite

monuments into the sign of the cross—not changing the object of their veneration, but Christianising it. To Martha the Eve was wholly a Pagan act of worship; she would not for the world have missed going. And as the fire burnt lower, and they all joined hands for the final dance round it, it was to her a mystic rite, for which she had prepared by carefully pinning her dress skirt up around her and divesting herself of her white cotton gloves. Then with a firm grip she held the hands of the men on each side of her. Not on any account would she have broken the circle until they had trodden the fire out.

Charley was on one side, of course; but Harry and Alma—where were they? Harry ought to have been the other man. To say that Martha was angry is not to adequately express her feelings. She was *jealously* angry. Charley found her but a dull companion on the homeward walk. There was always plenty of fun with Martha, the 'boys' said, but no 'coortin'—not even a good-night kiss; but to-night there was neither fun nor 'coortin', and Charley found himself wishing he had Alma with him. Martha dismissed him at the cottage door, and entered the kitchen to find Alma sitting on the settle waiting for her. The mother was in bed asleep, as her snores testified; the father 'pon night coore,' so the cottage was practically empty; and as Alma was to stay all night, they had ample scope for Martha's 'hay-thenish ways.' Alma diverted Martha's anger by complaining of the dulness of Harry, and stated she had left him and run home.

'You do know I do love Charley,' she moaned. 'You might as well have took Harry and leaved 'un to me.'

Martha made no answer, but busied herself with setting light to the tallow candle, and scolded Alma for sitting in the dark as she bustled about, pouring hot water into a wooden clothes-tray, and placing a chair before the 'slab,' as they call the closed iron stove; she opened the little iron doors that were shut in front of the tiny grate, and poked the fire into a blaze, and then crept upstairs to take off her 'shift.' She soon reappeared, carrying it in her hand, and dressed in her mine-girl's costume of short petticoat and loose jacket, girt round her waist with the 'touser.' Alma drew her legs under her on to the seat of the settle, and held her elbows in her hands, and watched Martha with an anxious gaze. The sight was a pretty one. The whitewashed kitchen, with the strings of onions hanging from the ceiling, and fitches of bacon and hams tied up in muslin; the high mantelshelf over the slab,

with its burden of shining brass and tinware; the slab, with its flanking of warming-pan and big spoons, shining with much rubbing; with the dark wood settle on the side away from the window, and against the wall behind the settle rose the dresser to the ceiling, covered with 'clome.'¹ Facing the slab was the door leading into the passage, and against the wall on the same side was an harmonium, on which Martha's father played; and the remaining side of the kitchen was taken up by the window, in which stood pots of musk, and lemon-plant, and geranium; and close to the window the deal table, covered now with a red cloth, on which stood the shining tin candlestick. On the sanded floor in front of the fire Martha knelt at the wooden tray and washed her shift; and when it was finished, turned it inside out and hung it to dry on the chair placed before the fire. Then she sat down on the settle by Alma to watch. They put their arms around each other's waists, and in silence waited for the first stroke of twelve. When at last it pierced the silence of the night, the two girls would have screamed had they dared; but the success of the spell kept them silent, and fear.

From the gloom behind the settle came a tall form, that walked straight to the chair, and taking Martha's shift in its hands, turned it.

Both girls could see; *it* was Harry's form and face. As the last stroke sounded the candle went out, a cold wind filled the kitchen, and a loud wailing cry was heard from outside.

Martha waited no longer, but holding her dress close about her, fled upstairs and into bed. Alma more leisurely followed, pausing to latch the house door again, first, and grumbling to herself that—

'Harry might a done that, as I hid 'un so fine in the kitchen.'

Whatever Harry's expectations were as to the result of his invasion of Martha's kitchen on Midsummer Eve, they were disappointed. That is, if he hoped Martha would be kinder to him, for from that night she ignored him. It was of no use Harry's loitering about when he was upon 'night coore,' and consequently had the whole day at his disposal, in the hope Martha would accept him for a companion in her dinner hour. Nor, when he was on 'day coore,' and visited Martha in the evening, would she notice him. It is true she let him mend her shoes as usual, and make them too, whilst he sat in the kitchen, but she complained loudly of the litter he made in his work.

¹ Earthenware.

'T'es a perfect Troy Town ; thee'st better clane it all up.'

They say a worm will turn at last, and it was perfectly certain that a fiery-tempered Cornish man would, although they are submissive and gentle to women, as all the Celts are. But Martha tried him too far one day in December, when the practising Christmas Carols was in progress, by being so unnecessarily amiable to Charley Tresize. Alma was in tears, and Harry's heart was smarting from the stabs Martha had dealt him. So he devoted himself to Alma, whispering to her that to make Charley jealous of him would be the surest way to bring him to her side. Alma 'perked up,' and to all appearance the two were at once launched on a course of flirtation.

Martha at first could hardly believe it, but as night after night she heard of Harry's being in Alma's kitchen, or saw him 'coortin'' Alma in the dinner-hour, the conviction grew within her that Harry was 'going to have Alma.' Again and again she longed to claim him as her property, for had not his spirit turned her shift? He was hers ; struggle as they both might, fate had allotted them to each other. And to see her MAN tied to another woman's apron-string hurt her pride. All the same she kept on busily sewing at her wedding clothes, although she took care not to let anyone know what she was doing ; she was too self-contained to have a confidante. But she stabbed her needle in and out the new calico viciously, and vowed she'd 'give it to 'un once she was married.' And meanwhile she gave no sign of noticing Harry's defection, and flirted outrageously with all the boys that were 'keenly.'¹ No 'coortin',' only jokes. 'Hands off,' she would say at any attempt at kissing or embracing, 'I ain't agoin' to kiss any man before I bin to church weth 'un.'

'Well, come to church, Martha,' one replied. But with lofty scorn Martha replied—

'I ain't agoin' to marry no sumpman.'

She stuck to that in her mind ; it might be settled by the 'Sperrits' that Harry should be her husband, but he should cease to be a sumpman first.

Christmas Eve arrived. Every cottage had been whitewashed without and within, likewise the pig-styes and the garden walls, and evergreens were stuck into every pot and pan on the high mantelshelves.

Pigs had been killed in some households, and ducks and geese, and saffron cakes, and figgy puddings, and heavy cakes made in

¹ Comely.

all. There were preparations going on now in which the carol singers were chiefly concerned, previous to sallying forth on their rounds to the neighbouring houses and farms. Harry was, Martha supposed, busy making himself 'smart,' in common with the others. He was 'pon day-shift now, and so had the evening to himself.

In spite of their late estrangement Martha felt sure he would not let Christmas Eve go by, without coming to see her previous to setting forth on the carol singing; he never had yet. Martha never joined the singers, she preferred having them sing for her; and she liked to listen tucked up in her warm bed, and contrasting her cosy condition with their chilly one.

She was dressed in a new merino gown, taken newly out of her 'trunk;' it was of a rich red colour, and she had stuck a bit of holly in her dark hair, and tied a smart little muslin apron round her waist with red ribbons. She was knitting at a pair of white open-work stockings, that she meant to wear 'pon the weddin' day.' But Harry did not arrive, and Martha felt as though the 'clock-ticks' were beating on her brain, as time passed and still he did not come. Then a thought smote her. 'Perhaps he was with Alma! Perhaps after all he liked Alma!' The idea was beyond 'bearing.' Martha sprang up and walked hastily to the window. From it she could see the couples 'forming' to start on the rounds, 'Zake,' with the first fiddle; 'Thomas,' with the second; Albert, with the bass; and then the 'others' with the concertinas. The singers followed, and presently they filed off in the direction of White Cross. Martha's mother, coming in from a neighbour's, said:

'There's Harry not hoome yet; I spoase Cappun is keepin' of 'un. Noane of the last coore men have comed back yet; I'm fine and glad feyther's 'pon night-shift neow; he'll be hum to denner to-morrow.'

Martha's heart beat more easily now she was assured Harry was not with Alma; she had seen that Charley was arming her friend before her mother spoke. But to hear that Harry had not come home, that his neglect of her was not voluntary, pleased her.

'He's staying way a purpose not to go out to-night,' she thought, with a smile dimpling her cheeks. 'He'll come and stay with me.'

She returned to her seat by the fire, in the arm-chair opposite the settle, and the mechanical click of her needles soothed her

into a state of drowsy comfort, to which the warmth from the 'slab' contributed.

Suddenly, on the quiet burst a woman's shriek, and flying steps came hastily along the road to the cottage door, and a neighbour entered crying that there was an accident up to Wheal Agnes.

Instantly Martha found herself tearing along the road, followed by her mother and the other women, whom she left far behind.

It was Harry that was 'hurtet,' she felt sure, not her father, who had not long started for the mine. She felt quite certain of this, so that it gave her no surprise to see her father standing looking anxiously up the road. He came to meet Martha.

'Is he dead?' gasped the girl, her breath nearly gone from the speed at which she had run.

'Noa—not yet. Where's the doctor? I'm watchun for 'im.'

A sound of horse's hoofs clattering along the high-road was heard, and a moment later the doctor arrived. Martha and her father followed him to the shed where the injured men lay—Harry amongst them.

'Will ee tend to 'un first?' asked Martha anxiously, as the doctor came to his side.

'No—last—I shall not be long over the others. Can you help me?'

'Ess,' answered Martha and her father at once; and a glance at their quiet determined faces, alike in expression now, one could see, showed the doctor he could trust them.

It tried Martha's patience attending to the other cases first, and seeing them taken off on improvised stretchers to their homes. But it was over at last, and then the doctor turned to Harry, lying insensible.

'This is the only serious case,' he said, and Martha's lips set in a hard line, and she instantly began saying over to herself 'charms' for Harry's safety. He *should* live.

She showed no sign of nervousness during the operation that had to be performed at once, of amputating the leg above the knee. She followed all the directions given her, as though she had been accustomed to assist at similar cases.

'He'll do now,' at last the doctor said. 'Where is he to go? I must see him into bed.'

'Home 'long to our house,' said Martha, and her father nodded. It was best, for Harry's cottage was some distance further away than theirs.

Martha hurried home to carry out the instructions the doctor gave her, so as to prepare for Harry's arrival.

She found her mother waiting for her outside the shed, quietly praying for Harry's safety. She began to cry when Martha came out.

'I was that thankful when I heeard your feyther was saafe; I couldn't feel haaf sorry for the others, so I just stayed here and prayed,' she said.

'Do Harry's people know?' asked Martha, as they hurried along the road.

'Noa, they're boath of 'em gone to Helstone thes afternoon, and waan't be back yet.'

Martha was glad; she should not have anyone interfering with Harry just yet. Her spirits rose at the prospect. The gloom that now overspread the little colony of miners, but a few hours before so gay in the preparations for Christmas, did not affect Martha. She was grave, but not cast down; one thought buoyed her up. Harry, deprived of one leg, could no longer be a 'sump-man.' Therefore she could marry him.

A bed was brought down from upstairs and put by the side of the slab, the settle being pushed back to make room for it, and to form a screen to shield it from the draughts.

Mrs. Chigwin's cooking preparations were thrust on one side, and forgotten in the anxiety for the injured man, who, when he was brought in and laid down on the bed, looked ghastly in contrast to the gayness of his surroundings—the holly-decked kitchen, Martha's gay dress, the warm atmosphere of the kitchen, heavy with the scent of saffron and newly baked bread.

The doctor felt safe in leaving his patient with Martha's mother, who was a born nurse, as well as a notedly good manager.

'He'll be all right now, for he'll get the good nursing that alone can bring him round,' said that worthy as he took his departure. 'And don't send for me if you can help; I'll come again as soon as I think it necessary; but between you and me, Mrs. Chigwin, I want to keep Christmas comfortably. So, as I know what a clever woman you are, come around to the other houses with me, and I'll tell you what's got to be done for all the other men.'

Mrs. Chigwin looked as ill-used and cast down as politeness required her to do, on hearing herself praised. And it was with a deep sigh she put her bonnet on and followed the cheery old doctor on his final round.

Martha was left alone with Harry for a few moments, and she employed them by going up to the bed on which the injured man lay, and softly kissed his forehead as he lay insensible. Her rich red lips were pressed firmly for a space on Harry's pallid forehead as she breathed on him, and mentally said the following charm for the staunching of blood; for to her mind the only fear was he would bleed to death after losing a limb. For in the tying of arteries and 'such-like traade' she had no faith. And this is what Martha said, not out loud, but in her mind:

Christ was born in Bethlehem,
Baptized in the river Jordan;
There He digg'd a well
And turn'd the water agin the hill;
So shall thy blood stand still.

Here she withdrew her lips, and, standing by Harry, made the sign of the cross on him with her plump first finger, drawing it from his forehead to his feet—I should say foot—and then across his shoulders, saying solemnly, 'In the naame of Feýther, Son, and Holy Ghost. Aamen.

Just as she had finished Harry stirred and called,
'Martha! Martha!'

It was, of course, merely accidental he should have done so; they were but as words spoken in a dream. But to Martha they were a sign the spell had worked. And her calm faith in Harry's ultimate recovery remained unshaken during the ensuing days. Both her own mother and Harry's were full of the most dismal forebodings. Martha quietly finished knitting the white stockings she meant to wear at Harry's and her wedding, knitting the more quickly when the two mothers were most dismal. Harry was hers now, she felt.

'He was that set, a wudn't a gived in ef a 'adn't lost a lemb,' she thought. And she felt sure she would never have given in; so it was 'all for the best.'

Never was a man more carefully nursed than Harry was, not only by Martha, but by the parents on both sides. But he forgot to be grateful to anyone but Martha. It seemed to him that the sight of Martha's round little figure and rosy cheeks gave him fresh life. Her laugh was like music in his ears, and her funny speeches and 'notions' roused him to smile often. Martha gave up working at the mine these days; she was wanted at home, she said.

But all the same, Harry was glad when the time came that he was well enough to return home with his mother; for as he regained strength the consciousness that he was 'crippled,' and therefore no fit mate for Martha, tortured him.

To Martha, Harry's coldness was a puzzle. He had made up his quarrel with her about Charley, and she was sure he did not care for Alma. Besides, that young woman and Charley were now engaged. She felt no jealousy. No! she was only sure that Harry was bewitched. Cutting off his leg had left him at the mercy of the 'Sperrits' in some way. So she confided in Alma that she was going to the 'peller'¹ to get a 'charm' said for him. But Alma, who had heard from Charley of Harry's scruples, was able to make the reason of his strange conduct clear. At least, as clear as it could be made; for to Martha's practical nature the man's, sensitive and imaginative, would always be a sealed book. But she loved him all the more, inasmuch as he was a mystery to her.

'I doan't see no sense in u't; his faace isn't hurted nawthin'; awnly a leg gone. And what's that? Awnly a boot less to clane and shine up, and a vamp² less to knit and mend.'

Alma stared stupidly at Martha, as was her wont when her friend stated any of her queer 'notions.'

A few weeks later Martha walked over to Harry's cottage and invited him to escort her to church on the following Sunday. She wanted him to drive the donkey, for she had borrowed one and a donkey cart.

Harry consented; in fact, he could not refuse her so simple a request. It was true that he shrank from making 'a show' of himself amongst aliens, for such he considered the farm labourers down at St. Endellion to be; but as Martha wanted him he put aside his own wishes and consented.

Martha's eyes filled with tears, that fell down her plump cheeks when she saw him climb into the cart. But it was not pity but anger that caused them. Anger at his obstinacy in having so long continued to be a sumpman. It did not occur to her to pity him; in her eyes he was as handsome as ever, and he soon would be as strong and 'walk fine, by-and-by.' Alma had told her of Harry's silly notions, and she wasn't going to stand them. Hence the journey to church.

¹ A man who worked cures by magic, and was wise in matters connected with witchcraft.

² A sock.

It was a lovely morning in mid-April, and as they descended the hill the lanes on each side of them were covered with primroses and violets, the lambs' querulous 'baas' filled the air. The sea beyond the land was blue as the skies, and the air was warm and soft to the skin, as they passed along. To Harry it all spoke eloquently.

'Lamb 'ull be cheap now,' Martha's voice broke on his ear. 'We shall have some next week.'

'Lamb! Going to buy butcher's meat?' inquired Harry, hardly believing his ears.

'Ess; I'm going to have a party nest Saturday. Please God,' she added as an afterthought.

No more was said. Martha helped Harry out of the cart, which she gave in charge of a lad, with strict injunctions to be careful of the donkey, and together they entered the dark, damp old church. Harry was glad to hide himself in one of the big square pews. The service proceeded drowsily, and Harry and Martha both held the handsome Prayer-book, and Harry, at least, followed the service attentively.

His heart was sore within him; he could hardly feel thankful for his life, now that he could no longer 'have Martha.'

She was so fresh and tempting to look at, with her rounded form, rosy cheeks, and sparkling black eyes. Her dress was so fine, all silk, and scented too. Harry felt he had been too fool-hardy to venture to church with her.

Then came a pause, and the banns were read out; 'first time of asking,' 'second time of asking;' then he heard:

'Also between Henry Trethowan, bachelor, and Martha Chigwin, spinster; these are for the third time of asking. If any of you know any just cause,' &c. &c. &c.

He looked at Martha; she was smiling complacently at him.

'Ess, 'tis ours sure enoff,' she whispered. 'Alma tauld me you wuddn't ask me 'cause you thought you was crippled. And I'd set to have ee, so soon as you left off being a sumpman. So there 'tes, d'ye see. And the wedding is next Saturday——'

But Martha got no further; Harry caught her in his arms, and rained kisses on her rosy face.

'But 'tes in church, so it's all right,' thought Martha in her 'haythenish way.'

'But I caan't work,' Harry said humbly to Martha, as she

walked up the long hill by the side of the donkey cart, in which Harry, poor fellow, had to sit whilst Martha trudged.

'T'es all right; they do want a gaate-tender up to Trevince, to live at the lodge, and the wife to do washin' and ironin' up to the big house. So as you can oppen a gaate, and I can wash, why 'twill do fittey.'

Harry's answer overwhelmed Martha; she was too intensely practical to understand Harry. But it all meant he was 'her man,' and that sufficed.

The following Saturday the wedding took place; the first miner's wedding that had been celebrated in St. Endellion for fifty years.

'But a esn't a sumpman, and that's why we was married there,' Martha always protested. But no one took any notice; the village people always boasted what 'a braave sight the sumpman's wedding was,' and how fine the bride was dressed, in a pale blue silk, with a white lace necktie, and white tulle bonnet with orange blossoms in it, white kid gloves, an embroidery petticoat, and white open-work stockings, with white shoes. Martha changed these last in the church porch, because the church path was too damp to walk along it, except in thick boots. Oh, and a veil; I forgot that. It was put right over the bonnet, and hung down all round to the bottom of her dress.

I have not time to tell of the feast that followed, save that the 'lamb' was good.

On their arrival at their new home, Martha told Harry of his appearance to her on the Midsummer Eve, and of his 'turning of her shift.'

And Harry concluded not to confess it was a trick—and in that he showed his delicacy—for to Martha the memory was still fraught with awe. Harry felt ashamed to remember that he had even 'played a joke on Martha,' and was, if anything, more devoted to her than before, from a feeling of remorse.

'But I wuddn't a married ee ef you'd kept on to being a sumpman,' Martha concluded, with a flash of her dark eyes.

'Well, 'twas worth losing a leg to gain ee as a wife, my dear,' said Harry, taking her into his arms gently, and kissing her as she stood by his side in their new kitchen.

FARIA RISOM.

¹ 'Fittey'—finely, properly.

The Origin of Flowers.

THERE is no more strange and fascinating chapter in the history of the evolution of life than that which deals with the origin of flowers. It is a subject the interest of which grows with the growth of knowledge. It seems only a little while ago since the man of science had nothing particularly interesting to tell us about flowers. He was able to describe in learned language the primrose by the river's brim, but after he had done it, he was apt to leave the impression that a yellow primrose it remained even to him, or very little more. Now science has outstripped even the imagination of the poet, and the meanest flowerets of the vale have become opening texts from which she takes up at any point an imposing story. The flowers have become landmarks in one of the greatest struggles in the history of life, that around which the principal energies of plant-life have almost from the beginning ranged themselves.

Here in a quiet corner of this patch of Surrey Common the early summer has brought out a rush of plant-life already fast hastening towards the fuller beauty of mature foliage. It is just the kind of spot which every true naturalist loves, one where no improving or controlling hand has interfered with the free course of the great rivalry in which nature's creatures are always engaged, and to the progress of which we owe every line of beauty which life contributes to the fair English landscape before us. Close by there is a curious bare brown spot, to which the eye unconsciously wanders. It is a kind of irregular circle hemmed in on the off-side by furze bushes and elsewhere by a circle of plants which seem to toe the line, as it were, having ventured to come thus far, but daring to go no further. As one looks at the place one begins to realise that it is in truth what it looks to be, an arena cleared by combat, in which the strong have fought with and given no quarter to the weak. The bullies of the ring are even

now lifting their heads after their winter sleep; those large green shoots of the ferns unfolding their crozier-like ends, mean that the ground will soon be occupied. Here and there a few grasses and smaller plants, including one or two young furze shoots, may be seen; the seeds have found their way into the circle and have germinated whilst the owners slept. But to no account; they are all doomed to a lingering death; a few weeks more and the thick fronds will have shut out every ray of sunlight, and no competitor, not even the vigorous young furze plants, will live within the narrow circle which the ferns have made their own.

As one looks at this patch of fern plants here so sturdily holding their own, hemmed in on every side by plants belonging to the winning species in the great long-drawn-out rivalry of plant-life, several interesting questions present themselves. The ferns, as we all know, belong to a great type of vegetable life which somehow has come off only second best in this rivalry. They are the representatives of an old-world flora which has been worsted and left behind in the struggle for existence. The present and the future undoubtedly belong to the flowering plants. Despite, however, all that has been said about flowering plants, it is by no means apparent at first sight why this should be so. The flowerless plants of the type to which the ferns belong show themselves no sign of failing vigour at the present day; even here, under our eyes, for instance, they would appear to be quite able to hold their own against other competitors. It is easy enough to understand how flowers and seeds may be useful to those plants which can afford to indulge in the luxury of producing them, but what reason is there in the nature of things, it may be asked, why the flowerless plants should not continue to get on perfectly well without flowers, and with spores instead of seeds? At that period in her history when mother earth brought forth vegetation most vigorously, in those great gloomy marshes, for instance, where most of the coal deposits were laid down, there were neither flowers nor seeds; the spore was omnipotent. And yet a vegetation flourished more luxuriant than any the world has since seen or than any it is likely to behold again. Since those days there has been no disturbing and demoralising race for big muscles or big brains among the plants as among the animals; what, then, has happened which has driven the representatives of this once dominant type of vegetation into the corners and waste places of the earth? Why, in a word, has the production of

flowers somehow become associated with success in the battle of life amongst the plants?

Before attempting to answer this interesting question, let us glance for a moment at the curious life-history of one of these fern plants. Long ago the naturalists divided the plants into two great classes. Bringing forth barbarous, learned words after their kind, they called one class the phanerogams and the other the cryptogams; the higher plants belonged to the former, and the lower plants, including the ferns, to the latter class. When one came to inquire what these imposing names meant, one did not seem to get much forwarder at first. Phanerogams, it appeared, was a name for those who got married openly, while cryptogams, on the other hand, proved to be merely a learned designation for those who favoured privacy in these matters. Now, while one might almost as a matter of course suspect a naturalist of using bad Greek, or anything of that kind, there is one respect in which the members of his class may always be held to be above suspicion: they never make jokes. When, therefore, these curious designations were applied to plants, one was bound to assume that, however strange and inappropriate they might appear at first sight, there was some serious meaning behind. In this particular instance it turned out that the naturalists had really made a brilliant stroke. Subsequent researches have proved that the division of plants into these two classes really corresponds to a great natural boundary line extending throughout the whole vegetable world, a kind of Rubicon, the crossing of which has proved to be the great fateful turning point in plant history.

Returning, then, to our fern plant, let us see in what way it deserves the slur of inferiority which somehow seems to have been cast upon it. These vigorous young shoots here unfolding themselves will in a few weeks have expanded their broad fronds and completed their year's growth, so far behaving in all respects like an ordinary plant. It is true they will bear neither flowers nor seeds, but after the fronds have reached maturity the spores which take the place of seeds will be borne on the under-surface of the leaves forming the 'fern-seed' of popular language. So far everything is simple and straightforward enough. But now comes the curious part. This fern-plant with which we have been familiar all our lives leads, like the hero of Mr. R. L. Stevenson's famous story, a dual existence. Placed in suitable conditions the spore germinates and grows into—a young fern-plant, you say? Nothing of the kind; we have so far known the respectable and reputable

Dr. Jekyll; it is now the turn of the underground Mr. Hyde. The plant which the spore produces bears no resemblance to its parent the fern-plant of our acquaintance. It has many of the characteristics of a low type of plant life, and in appearance somewhat resembles a kind of small lichen. It is quite unlike the fern, too, in habits and general character; it throws out root-hairs, but it does not grow upwards and seek the light, and its natural habitat is a moist situation. After reaching a definite size and leading a perfectly independent existence, usually lasting some months, this curious growth undergoes further development. It produces at one end a flask-shaped group of cells, one of which presently assumes a large size and awaits events. These follow quickly. Elsewhere on the surface groups of smaller cells are produced, which, escaping, swim actively about in the surrounding moisture by means of cilia. Soon one of these cells, either from the parent plant, or from another in the vicinity, finds its way to the large resting cell and fuses with it. Then we witness another strange development. The large resting cell immediately appears to feel itself moved with a mission of its own; without becoming detached it commences to grow on its own account; it sends a root downwards and a shoot upwards; the new plant grows vigorously in the ordinary way; it unfolds its leaves, and we look, and lo! this time it is our old friend the familiar fern-plant born again, almost like the souls of the heroes of Eastern imagery after wandering for a period in strange bodies, and ready once more to repeat the curious cycle of its life-history.

Before attempting to find the clue to these strange events in the life of the fern-plant or their connection with the origin of flowers in the higher plants, let us notice briefly some equally curious events in the life-history of individuals of another interesting but still lower type of plant life.

A few yards below here, the cap of gravel which covers the hill behind rests on the clay. One can see the division line, where the water which has found its way through the gravel higher up oozes out when it meets the clay. From this line, and extending for some distance down, the ground has a peculiar appearance; it is covered, not with grass, but with a deep cushion of moss which holds the water like a sponge. These humble representatives of the lower orders among the plants are not nearly so uninteresting as they look. They have a varied experience which one might never suspect. It is somewhat difficult to know exactly the right point at which to take up the

career of a typical moss-plant, for, like the London burglar, it pursues its adventures under more than one alias. Perhaps the proper starting point is the small seed-like spore. After the behaviour of the fern-spore, it will occasion no surprise to learn that the plant produced by the moss-spore in no way resembles its parent. It is a thin branching filament which often reaches considerable development, and it is suited to an underground life in moist places. Unlike the product of the fern-spore, however, it indulges in no occult adventures underground, but proceeds, without long delay, to give rise to buds which rise into upright stems, bearing leaves and sending down ordinary roots. These are the familiar moss-plants which we see here. Later in the year, however, another development will take place; the moss-plant, after reaching its full growth, might be expected to bear spores like the fern, but it does not do so; it forms at the top a little rosette of leaves—the so-called moss-flower—and within this there are usually to be found certain growths which are not leaves. They are of two kinds. One set are bottle-shaped, with long necks, suggesting the organ already mentioned, which appears at an earlier stage in the fern-plant. In this case, also, each contains a large resting-cell which, like its counterpart in fern history, is evidently awaiting further developments. The other set of bodies are club-shaped, and when ripe they burst and liberate a curious progeny. These latter are little cells which, on the access of moisture, are seen to be endowed with power of motion; and, the moss plants growing close together, the former swim freely away in the entangled water. Eventually one finds its way down the neck of the bottle-shaped organ, reaches the large cell contained, and fuses with it. Then occurs the last change of all. This single cell, placed near the top of the moss-plant, now commences to grow on its own account; it produces a long stalk, and at last a capsule bearing spores. Here the cycle is completed, for the spores are now ready to begin again, and repeat once more this strange series of alternating generations.

In these curious life-histories of the ferns and moss-plants, differing in many respects, there are two points which stand out in each, which it is most essential to notice. The first is, that the generation to which the spore gives rise is in each case semi-aquatic in its habits; the second is, that the little free-swimming cells, the antherozoids (to give them the name with which science has endowed them), which are intended to fertilise the large resting-cells, can reach the latter only in one way—through the

medium of water. This last feature is very significant; it is the prevailing characteristic of the cryptogams throughout the vegetable world.

At whatever point the student of evolution takes up the history of life, he always finds that all roads lead backwards in one direction—to water. The waters which covered the earth are the starting point towards which he ever finds his steps directed in the history of all life, plant and animal alike. One of the greatest epochs in the history of the animals was the period at which they left the water and fitted themselves for an air-breathing and land-frequenting existence. A great revolution it undoubtedly was, one the nature of which is faintly suggested to us at the present day, not only by the extraordinary recapitulation of changes in the single lifetime of individuals of the type of life to which the frog belongs, but by many other peculiar features in the life-history of animals far higher in the scale. But, while this transition left its mark upon a great part of the animal world, it has not been without effects almost equally striking among the plants.

It is true that the plants found no difficulty at all where the animals found theirs. It was not with them a question of air-breathing; the plants were able to live in air almost as well as in water; their stumbling-block was of another kind. The difficulty with the animals was one of lungs, with the plants it proved to be one of locomotion. But it may be answered, plants do not attempt to move about; they were and have remained fixed and rooted in their habits. True; this was indeed the worst of it, and the fact remained that the difficulty which the plants had to surmount, and which only the winning species eventually succeeded in surmounting, in perfectly adapting themselves to a land existence, was a locomotive difficulty.

The stubborn facts presented themselves in this wise. In the old days, when the plants lived in the water, the economy of their lives, if one may judge from modern representatives, was simple to a degree. For instance, the process of fertilisation of the cell, which corresponds to that which now grows into the seed in the higher plants, was what may not inappropriately be called a happy-go-lucky one. The little fertilising cells were generally produced in large numbers and released into the water, where, finding themselves provided with a long vibrative tail, or other means of locomotion, they swam actively about on the off-chance of reaching one of the large resting cells which the plants pro-

duced, and which they were intended to fertilise. This method, simple though it was, was generally effective enough in practice, and it evidently offered no obstacle, but rather the reverse, to the great plan of cross-fertilisation which we find nature so consistently working out everywhere in the vegetable world.

Now, when the plants migrated, and endeavoured to adapt themselves to a land existence, they, like other migrants, carried their customs and habits with them. At first they probably found little difficulty in retaining them; amongst the mosses, for instance, we find them to this day not greatly modified in the particular respect we have been considering. These plants, indeed, got about as near to the old conditions of life as possible. They grew closely together in damp situations, and held the moisture like a sponge; when thoroughly wetted by the rain or otherwise, the little fertilising cells were released as of old, and these found the well-soaked, spongy parental cushion provided not at all a bad imitation of former conditions; like their modern representatives, the little antherozoids, they wriggled about in the moisture and found their destination with scarcely less certainty than of yore. So far everything in the new existence proved beautifully simple and convenient.

But at this stage it became evident that an altogether new factor, big with import for the future, had been introduced into plant-life. We may in some degree realise its nature by looking round us even at the present day. One does not require to be a botanist or even an amateur gardener to know that there is one prime and fundamental necessity of plant-life for which the plants ever compete and struggle amongst themselves to obtain their fullest share of. This is light, and more especially sunshine. The plants, unlike the animals, live by withdrawing from the air carbonic acid, the elements of which they elaborate and assimilate; they can do this only in light, which is to them as vital a necessity as air to animals. But the grim struggle for this, which we see in progress in every hedgerow and crowded garden border, the twisting into all shapes of shoots and branches, the crowding, maiming, and killing of each other, which takes place in every close-growing assemblage of plants, is only a repetition on a small scale between individuals of the great battle which has been fought out elsewhere on a grander scale between species. We need not trouble ourselves here with the course of this rivalry beyond noticing that almost every device which ingenuity could suggest has been employed in this race for light amongst the

plants. From the beginning taller and taller shot the stems, wider spread the branches, thicker grew the trunks which had to support them. Some species, finding the rivalry expensive, tried to gain points by saving on stem production, utilising those of others to raise themselves; others, more ingenious still, tried to do without stems altogether, and, planting their seeds high up on the branches of others, tried at first to obtain their share of light by living as parasites on the successful competitors. In these days, when so much of the earth's surface has been cleared by man, we hardly realise what one of the issues of this rivalry has been, how completely the wide-spreading tall-growing forest trees obtained possession of all the suitable positions, and over immense tracts of the earth's surface all but extinguished all other competitors.

This race upwards for light was then the factor which soon made itself felt in plant existence on land, and at an early period we find plants of the fern type shooting aloft, already foreshadowing those fibro-vascular bundles and other necessary arrangements of tissue peculiar to the higher plants, the learned names of which tax the soul of the young botanical student. But at the outset a great difficulty now presented itself, one which at first sight might well appear insurmountable. How could fertilisation or cross-fertilisation now be carried out? It was easy enough, as we have seen, among the low-growing, thickly crowded moss-plants, but how could the free-swimming little fertilising cells ever reach their destination in the new circumstances? Even an antherozoid, fearful and wonderful product of nature as it is, might well be expected to draw the line at swimming down the trunk of one tree-fern and up that of another to reach its appointed resting-place. Development in such direction was clearly impracticable; yet fertilisation was as indispensable as ever; how was it to be effected?

It is in nature's first attempt at the solution of this difficult problem that we have the key to the extraordinary series of changes to be observed in the life-history of the fern. Her device, after all, was as simple as it was interesting. The ferns shed their spores into the marsh beneath; the spore germinated, but the plant which it produced devoted its life exclusively to one purpose, to secure fertilisation. It led, as was necessary, a semi-aquatic existence, and in due time it produced the large resting cells and the little free-swimming fertilising cells; these latter were released into the water, where they found all the con-

ditions for fertilisation reproduced almost as of old. This purpose being accomplished, the mission of the underground plant was at an end, the single fertilised cells began to grow, the new plant sent its root downwards and shot upwards free and untrammelled, ready now to take its place in the rivalry which was proceeding apace above ground. This is the explanation of the strange story of the fern-plant.

But now we have reached the heart of our subject. The ferns had both literally and metaphorically risen in the world; yet their success was, after all, only a qualified one. Like many others who rise in life, they experienced one great drawback—their early history and family associations were a sore incumbrance. The plants had come on land, but their aquatic ancestry weighed them down. They had endeavoured to take possession of the earth, and yet the little cells which in every generation had to effect the vital process of fertilisation could reach their destination only in one way—they must *swim* there. It was evident in such circumstances that the plants had not really taken possession of the land at all, but only (like the mosses and ferns of to-day) of the swamps and moist places. If only some plan of fertilisation could be evolved which would render them independent of these ancestral aquatic conditions altogether!

Nature's solution of this grand problem opens up what is perhaps the most fascinating chapter in the whole story of evolution. It came in the fulness of time. The animals inherited the earth when they invented lungs; the plants at last obtained possession of it when they invented flowers. But how came the great advance to be made? For, not to speak of the revolution in design, it seems a long cry indeed from the underground, moisture-loving generation of the fern to the sunshine-seeking, bright-coloured, exquisitely-fashioned flowers whose varied beauties have stirred the praises of the poets since first they found a tongue.

It is not difficult even at the present day to trace some at least of the probable steps in the great transition. The flowers, with all their complex and wonderfully varied structures, are, extraordinary as it may seem, but the lineal descendants of the plain spore-bearing fern leaf. As we rise in the scale of plant life above the ferns there are two changes which may be noticed in progress among the cryptogams of to-day. The first is evidently the effect of natural selection, and tends to secure cross-fertilisation. Instead of each underground plant producing, as in the fern, the two kind of cells, those to be fertilised and those which per-

formed fertilisation, it was clearly better that each kind of cells should be borne on separate plants; cross-fertilisation would thus be no longer an accident but a necessity of the situation. The other change is equally striking. Having now only one mission—namely, to ensure fertilisation—size was no object in these underground plants, and we find nature, with her usual frugality in such cases, reducing surplus material accordingly. As we rise they get smaller in size, and lose more and more the character of separate plants. At last, when we get to the borderland between the flowerless and the flowering plants, an interesting stage has been reached; the little plant producing the cells requiring fertilisation has become so small that it only bursts the wall of the mother spore, filling the cavity inside, but only slightly protruding. This is the point at which—when reached in the course of evolution—the time became ripe for the great transition which changed the course of plant history.

There is amongst us at the present day an interesting order of plants. They are known as cycads, and they form a kind of intermediate type between the ferns and the palms. They form a small surviving group out of what was at one time a prevailing and dominant type of vegetation. These plants possess a special interest, inasmuch as they present us with what is one of the earliest and most rudimentary kinds of flower. Like all the lower kinds of flowering plants they bear two sorts, the so-called male and female flowers. Now when one of these flowers is examined one might well feel surprised if unprepared for what presents itself. Both kinds are, as might be expected, of the simplest form, the male flower consisting merely of stamens bearing pollen-sacs. But when one of these stamens is inspected it is seen to be but an ordinary leaf modified; nay, more, the pollen-sacs (borne on the back surface like the 'fern seed' on the fern leaf) are obviously but the little spore cases of the cryptogams; yet, further, we open one of them, and the pollen grains themselves prove to be but the little spores of the lower plants. The whole flower is, in fact, nothing but the modified spore-bearing leaf of the higher cryptogams. The female flowers on close examination prove similarly to be but spore-bearing leaves also modified, though in a different direction. What, then, has happened? Very little in point of fact, though much in point of significance. The spore which produced the little plant requiring fertilisation (which latter we observed growing smaller and smaller) simply now no

longer falls off, but remains attached to the parent-leaf, and awaits the pollen which is carried to it by the wind; all that previously took place in the marsh below now takes place *in situ* in the production of the seed. That is the whole plan in brief.

The great end which nature accomplished when she evolved the first flowers was simply to enable cross-fertilisation to take place without the aid of water. This was the feat which revolutionised the vegetable world. The flowering plants were at last and henceforth independent of aquatic conditions; they took full possession of the land, and the other forms, dependent on water for fertilisation, began slowly but surely to give way before them.

All that has since taken place in the extraordinary developments and specialisations which flowers have undergone are but details—efforts merely in the direction of the better working of the great fundamental principle which underlies every flower, from the simplest to the most involved. It was but a step from wind fertilisation to fertilisation through the agency of insects which came to feed on the pollen or the saccharine products of growth. The advantages of this method over wind fertilisation must have made themselves immediately felt; the greater certainty, the immense saving in the quantity of pollen necessary, and the facilities offered for cross-fertilisation, were points which soon told in the rivalry. The era which opened with insect fertilisation is still with us, but it has witnessed strange developments. The flowers from the first began to pander to every whim of the little messengers who unconsciously carried the pollen for them to its destination. Under the influence of natural selection the sugary secretion became a recognised institution, secreted at length by special glands, and elaborated into nectar to suit the tastes of the æsthetic winged visitors. The flowers early began to assume colour to attract notice. Wider, and larger, and more gorgeously tinted grew the bright-coloured corolla, which soon became a flaring advertisement for the sweets within. Scent as well as sight was appealed to, the odours and perfumes with which the flowers began to fill the air constituting a still more subtle form of advertisement for the wares they had to offer.

To do the insects justice, they from the first appear to have been quite alive to the advantages of the commerce, and some of them, like the bees, fortunately gave up all other engagements and took to it as a profession. Why fortunately? you say. Because in the developments which were taking place the flowers certainly would not have considered *us*. These insects had likes and dis-

likes somewhat similar to our own; but all insects have not, and we have an awful example of what the plants were prepared to do in case of necessity in one or two kinds which produce flowers resembling putrid meat in smell and appearance to attract a class of insect-fertilisers whose tastes run in that direction. Had the course of evolution taken this direction, insects of the latter type would still have lived in a world where the daintie flowre would

Throwe her sweete smels al arownd,

but poets and others would have to give the flowery meads a wide berth.

As the rivalry continued certain plants began to distinguish that even among insects there were good, bad, and indifferent kinds, and flowers were gradually developed to suit the peculiarities of certain insects and to exclude other visitors. Nearly every type of insect-fertilised flower has its own insect visitors whose little whims and weaknesses the flowers have for ages laid themselves out to meet and take every advantage of, so that at last we have flowers resembling a Chubb's lock, guarding their treasures against unauthorised callers, and constructed so as to be rifled only by the right party.

As one looks round at the world of flowers to-day and realises the wonderful variety and complexity of the different sorts, the ingenious mechanism of the pea-blooms, the eel-traps of the arums and others, the automatic caskets of the heathers, the co-operative advertising of the composites, the life mimics of the orchids, and a host of other designs and devices to secure the end of insect fertilisation, it seems almost incomprehensible that they can be all but the modified plain, green, spore-bearing leaves of the lowly cryptogams. Yet there is no doubt about it; most of the steps in the transition can be made out even at the present day.

Should we be inclined to doubt it, what is perhaps the most wonderful feature of it all would remain to convince us. The process of fertilisation in an ordinary flower has been many times described, but is often little understood, although with the history of the flowers in mind it possesses features of extraordinary interest. When the little pollen grain of to-day is deposited by an insect visitor on the moist or hairy stigma prepared for its reception, which is always borne in the centre of a typical flower in the higher plants, the process of fertilisation is not complete as is sometimes supposed. Nothing of the kind. The pollen grain, it will be remem-

bered, does not correspond to the little free-swimming cells of the dim and distant past which effected fertilisation, but to the little spore which grew into the underground plant on which these were produced. So when the pollen grain reaches the moist stigma to-day, as the representative of the spore, it simply behaves as such; it begins to germinate exactly as did its ancestor of old in the primeval marsh. It sends out a long projection (the pollen tube of the botanists) which often reaches a very considerable length, grows down the spongy tissue of the style on which the stigma is borne, and does not cease to grow till it reaches the cell, in the very heart of the flower, in which the seed originates. It is only then, on the fusion of part of its protoplasm with part of the protoplasm of this cell, that the process of fertilisation is at length complete. But what, it may be asked, has become of the other little spore, that which in the higher cryptogams grew into the underground plant which produced the cells requiring fertilisation? That is there, too, represented by the cell which gives rise to the seed, and its life-history is still rehearsed in every generation. Under the microscope it may all be made out, recapitulated in brief to-day in the otherwise inexplicable series of changes which take place in the production of the seed. In the midst of all this riot of terrestrial and ærial life, the plants, in fact, still bear upon them in their innermost recesses the indelible impress of their lowly aquatic ancestry.

But it is growing late and chilly, and the sunshine has left our fern patch and now lingers only on the tall furze bushes higher up, where it adds a richer tone to the hillocks of yellow bloom. It is a glorious sight, the same which on this very common called forth the admiration of the great Linnæus on his visit to England; but walking back through the expanse of colour, with the faint, delicate perfume in the air and the hum of the bees in one's ears, it does not take from the enjoyment to realise the deep yet simple meaning of it all. The great central purpose, towards the attainment of which nature has worked so consistently throughout plant history, has been accomplished: the plants are in possession of the land, the little fertilising cells which link the generations together no longer wriggle to their appointed place by slimy and tortuous ways, they at last go straight to their destination on the gauzy wings of the bee.

BENJAMIN KIDD.

Imaginations.

I HAVE just come through the clover field over the top of the hill; the larks were singing their sweetest above it, and the comfortable hum of bees rose on the air from the sweet pink blooms. Across the gap between the hedge and the gate-post there strays a branch of wild white roses; a puff of wind blew some of their petals upon my face, reminding me to look up and love them. I wander down between the hedgerows now, on this afternoon in the second week of July, where the honeysuckle buds show redly above the green; some late little finches have made their nest, and they open their yellow mouths when I look at them embowered there in the bushes; and on a branch near by four young swallows are pluming themselves in vanity of the glory of their first glossy feathers. Drooping away from the undergrowth the cow-parsley stretches its frond-like leaves; some of them have grown a deep purple, while others are softly pink and yellow with the zenith of the year.

A steep chalk-cutting in the distance lies up white against the down, and from somewhere near a cuckoo calls.

There is the railway bridge, all ivy-grown; it arches the lane that runs from the village; it is quiet there, too, and everywhere the voices of the birds and bees bring out distinctly the great silence of nature's peace.

There is a sudden crashing hurry, and a train rushes from along between the abrupt swelling downs; its steam trail is left after it, and hangs motionless and white upon the heavy air. Presently the cloud trail breaks, and its cloudlets left apparently rest for a few seconds, while between the spaces the green turf is seen again.

All the dreams that the sweet country lull has woven into my thought are gone—they are carried along away by that panting steam power, by it or the other unseen presence that lives within or above it. If fifty times a day I stood there thus and near by the

sudden crash of a passing train, the presentment of that unseen presence would be there to me as it is just now. If fifty times a day I saw a train pass thus, some of these thoughts would go away with it from me.

For this thing created by the brain of man, this same thing governed by his touch, has carried fancy involuntarily to many distant places.

I see it, this outgrowth of marvellous swiftness, this perfection of sinuous power of movement, bearing its living freight in almost all parts of the world. What a wonderful power it is as it rushes past upon its way of steel, and resistless—or if by chance resisted, what sudden swift destruction is its end!

What is this wonderful palpitating thing, whose life is of fire, whose breath of steam? What may its meaning appear to one to whom the ways of mechanism and science are mysterious? What is its meaning to me? This is it.

A trinity of iron, wood, and steam, each grown and perfected together, form, with all their separate and component parts, a train; neither is the flesh tissue wanting in the luxury of soft cushion and of æsthetic decoration. And all this length of weight and draught, this pulsating, panting engine, to be guided by the touch from a man's hand, to be controlled and stopped by him!

And yet to one to whom science is mysterious there is ever in connection with a train a presence as of a life: life which gains its being, perhaps, from the thoughts and minds of the many souls it carries, perhaps from the one brain of the man who is its master; and it is therefore an immediate outgrowth of mind and matter in the perfection of harmony. Is this presence beneficent only, or is it only one of fear? Maybe there is something of the two; with either it is power.

See the train whose roadway lies past or within a circle of rushing prairie fires that are wind-borne after the fleeing victim, as mile upon mile it flies before the flames as some fugitive animal from their scorching breath. On it dashes, on at last into the solemn depths of the western forest, where safety seems to lie, only to discover soon that the fire-fiend is in first possession of its road; it has reached it by a shorter route, and the flames roaring as they leap from the boughs and tree-tops, and the green leaves crackling as they blaze, greet the advancing engine's shriek with a wilder wind-borne howl. In dread the train goes on—for as yet to turn back must be their last resource—when presently, not two hundred yards before them, a mighty giant comes crashing

down and lies prone across their way. To reverse now and back through the sea of fire above, the columns of fire upon all sides and the cruel licking flames on the ground, back over the charred desolation of the now smouldering prairie—to return worn out and disconsolate from the awful baptism of heat and terror they have just endured, and one remembers that no power in the world but this could have done so.

It is in India now this presence—which is surely real, for the thing dominates all tangible animate and inanimate nature here as elsewhere. Away across the plains it goes from Bombay, one man, one matter, one perfect whole. Above ancient rivers now, in some of whose waters has been hushed so much of life and human misery; and as the grand impassive streams bear on their tranquil courses, the wonder of this visible outgrowth of thought is not overshadowed by even their majesty. And the burdens now, which in time gone by lay upon the backs of hundreds of strong beasts of burden, while they dragged their picturesque though laboured way of many days and weeks across these plains, these highlands and mountain passes, away to and within the gates of Central Asia, is done now within a few hours by the draught of a single railway engine.

I am borne away now by the Scotch express, travelling at its maximum rate along its royal road in all its stately steadiness of speed, impressive of the dignity of force.

In this train are many families of happy holiday-makers; some of the little children there are singing, and others, who have grown weary with excitement, have fallen asleep and lie with flushed cheeks and tumbled curls upon the cushions, while all the time this wonderful strength carries them on, and nobody thinks about it; the everyday thought and commonplace remark goes on here as elsewhere, for this has become a part of our life.

And all the time the clouds are rushing past us, and swifter still fly the trees and hedges, but this by which we travel seems almost still, and by-and-by, as it stops, there will be heard the long-drawn, regular sighs of the break. Oh, it is all very like something that lives, really lives, and feels the passion of living!

Yet again, in imagination, I see that same wonderful combination of mind and matter going its careful journey of fifteen or, at most, twenty miles an hour along a narrow-gauge road, over the wave-like monotony of an Australian tableland. Here its life appears inert by comparison, as if the almost sombre sameness of landscape beneath the glaring even blueness of the

sky had overcome its power in part. Should a traveller by this train look out across the land, he is dazzled by the dancing heat waves, or momentarily his eyes are held in interest by the fleeting film of mirage, and every now and then it seems necessary to overcome weariness by a mental effort that may stimulate the mind to throw off the spell that weary nature has cast about it.

There is still another train that holds my vision—it is that one which every week carries its load of outgoing and home-coming Indians and Colonials. I think of the expectancy of joy or sorrow, of the many hopes and fears that it must witness; and the saddest of all to picture are the tears that women weep for the children they cannot take back with them. And may not even tears shed thus sanctify this common thing? There is no human passion more poignant than such grief; there is the anxious longing for the child—to see him, to touch him again, although it is but yesterday since she left him. There is dreadful jealousy, too, and doubt, for will those with whom he has been left take his love away from her; will they let him forget her? And then, perhaps, the little prayers she has taught him to say will come into her mind: will they listen to them now, or will they be sobbed out when *he* is lying alone in his bed, trying to stifle his sorrow for her beneath the bedclothes?

Ah, no! There is little to comfort these poor hearts; it is only they themselves can know the bitterness, and again the tired eyes brim over. And with the pathos of these human imaginations to hallow it, I see this, to me, wonderful and almost living thing grip its steel lines and creep up the mountain side with a vigour and will that can overcome and govern the rocky steep; it is with a feeling of awe that I remember it there. And on, past a dozen ancient capitals and as many battle-fields, and on its way of gloom beneath the soaring sublimity of the Alpine wall, it is with a feeling of wonder and fear that I remember it there! And all the time I know that this child of man's mind, this servant of his will, is the most wonderfully perfect mechanical thing which it has yet been given him to discover for his use.

MURRAY EYRE.

'A More Excellent Way.'

THE close of the nineteenth century will ever be memorable as a period of ceaseless activity in the interests of the poor and of the working-classes generally. Many influences have doubtless combined to give social questions a prominence which is daily assuming greater proportions, and promises to engross more and more the attention of politicians and philanthropists of every shade of political and religious belief. Every year new agencies are set on foot, new schemes devised, and fresh legislation brought into play, in the hope of alleviating distress and improving the surroundings of the poor.

Attractive as many of these schemes are, it is not surprising that there are found plenty who are carried away by them, honestly believing, no doubt, that by their means the salvation of the poor is to be worked out. This intense sympathy and desire to better the lot of the more unfortunate members of society is no mere passing phase, and has, indeed, borne noble fruit in abundance. Turn to any directory of charities, and it is astonishing to see how many institutions and societies have been started within the past few years. Hospitals, convalescent homes, nursing-institutions, refuges, orphanages, children's holiday funds, emigration societies—their name is legion; and coincident with this vast extension of private charity there has been a marked improvement in the management of our Poor-Law institutions. Patients in many of the infirmaries are as well off as they would be in a hospital, and the children in the parish district schools, as a rule, receive an excellent training, such as enables them to make a good start in life.

Amid so much that is encouraging and to be admired in this persistent attack on the strongholds of poverty, are there not elements of danger which, though not apparent on the surface, cannot be overlooked, and, unless guarded against, may have far-reaching results altogether un contemplated? When there is so

much suffering and so much to be done, in spite of all that is being done, it seems hardly consistent to desire to check the flow of charity. And yet, unless some of the streams can be turned into safe channels, it would be better far that they should cease to flow. The only charity worthy of the name is that which builds up individual character, strengthens family ties and responsibilities, and aims at placing the individual in an independent position. To attain this is worth making any sacrifice. It needs loving devotion, a determination not to be baffled by endless disappointments, and a belief that immediate results are rarely to be looked for. Judged from this standpoint, what is to be said of much of our so-called charity? Impatience seems to be the great danger of the present time, and the desire to see the world transformed in our own day the reason that we clutch so readily at any scheme which is dangled before our eyes, regardless of where it may land us. Mansion House funds, the raising of 'the submerged tenth,' free meals for school-children, how they seem to simplify the problem! But we cannot contract ourselves out of our responsibilities in this way, and if we make the attempt, it only ends in failure. There are few who gave to the Mansion House Fund of 1886 but must now regret their action, and it remains to be seen whether those who so readily poured their money into 'General' Booth's coffers will ultimately consider that they have made a wise investment.

Relief administered wholesale in this fashion is bound to be given, to a great extent, regardless of individual character, which cannot but have an injurious effect, and too often creates more misery than it removes. On the other hand, any effort to relieve distress which deals only with the individual apart from the family, is artificial, and will not, in the long run, meet with success. Society is based on the existence of family life, and to ignore it is to aim a blow at society itself. For this reason any scheme, however benevolent may be the intentions of the promoters, which does not take into consideration the circumstances of the whole family, must be regarded with suspicion. Take an example. What could be more attractive than the appeal for aid to supply hungry school-children with free meals? The children, naturally and rightly, enlist our sympathies, and those who give their contributions feel satisfied, no doubt, that they have done the best thing for them. They may even eat their own meals with an easier mind, in the same way that the individual who gave to 'General' Booth said he 'slept more comfortably in his bed after-

wards.' There is little room for satisfaction, however, when daylight is let in upon the subject. To begin with, it is impossible to prevent a certain number of children having dinners whose parents are well able to provide them with food themselves. No one will deny that this is distinctly bad, and calculated to encourage deception. Then the children of vicious and drunken parents, who through neglect and privation present the most piteous appearance, as a matter of course come in for a share, thereby setting more money free to be dissipated by the parents, besides weakening whatever feelings of responsibility they might yet retain towards their children. Here we find that the child being dealt with apart from the family causes injury alike to parent and child. For it is not to be supposed that a meal five days a week will in any way compensate for the loss of that which is of more value than all gifts—the ties of love and duty which should bind parents and children together. If the hungry child is to be fed, it follows that the shivering child must be clothed, and so, when *charity* is so ready to step in, it is not surprising if its resources are taxed to the utmost. If the alternative were simply to sit with our hands before us and do nothing, we might, not unreasonably, give way to despair. That the distress is there, and must be met, goes without saying. It is only the methods of meeting it that are called into question. If free meals, relief works, and the like are not satisfactory, and in the end make the poor poorer instead of raising them out of their poverty, other means must be found for dealing with the problem.

The plan of work sketched out below may seem very tame and humdrum when contrasted with the panaceas for all our social evils which have lately attracted so much notice. There is nothing sensational or even new in the methods to be employed, but their chief recommendation lies in the fact that where they have been given a fair trial they have met with undoubted success. The practice of treating the poor on the individual system, taking the whole circumstances of each family into consideration, and applying the remedy best calculated to remove the cause of distress, in a great measure originated with the famous Dr. Chalmers. Perhaps no man ever had a stronger conviction that relief, whether public or private, when administered on a large scale and in a manner likely to attract attention, was calculated to create an ever-increasing demand. He maintained, and proved by experience, that directly charitable aid is withheld, or administered with great caution, those instincts

of self-help and self-preservation which before had lain dormant spring into life again. He was convinced that much of the distress in Glasgow at the beginning of the century would disappear if differently treated. Accordingly, he took steps which led to the parish of St. John being severed both from the fund raised by assessment and from the General Session, or fund contributed by the various parishes from the church collections. The population of St. John's parish, composed mainly of poor people, was about a tenth of the whole of that of Glasgow, and, taking an average of the expenditure in other parishes, the total cost of its pauperism, including the voluntary collections and sums raised by assessment, would have amounted to from 1,200*l.* to 1,400*l.* a year. The church collections came to about 400*l.* a year, of which it had been the custom to retain 225*l.*, the balance being handed over to the General Session.¹ After the parish surrendered all claim upon the other funds mentioned, and ceased to contribute to the General Session, this 400*l.* was all that could be counted upon to meet any distress that might arise. What might have seemed a somewhat rash undertaking proved to be an unequivocal success. The 400*l.* was found ample to relieve all the cases that needed help at the time of the change, and as the old people died off the fund began to accumulate, and it was calculated that in a few years the charge upon it would cease, and the money could be devoted to other purposes. By this means all the existing pauperism was effectually disposed of. The question then arose, How should the fresh applications be dealt with? The collections hitherto had been composed of the offerings of the general congregation. To meet the necessities of the new pauperism a collection was instituted at the evening service, attended exclusively by the parishioners. The amount thus raised was some 80*l.* a year, and at the end of two years and a half this sum was found more than sufficient. This was the more remarkable as the period was one of great commercial depression. The time was looked forward to when, the old pauperism having died out, the entire wants of the poor would be relieved out of the evening collection, which was really maintained by the poor themselves.

This most desirable end was only attained by exercising a close supervision and instituting careful inquiries as to the merits of

¹ It should be borne in mind that the congregation was drawn from all parts of Glasgow, and the collections did not represent the offerings of the parishioners only.

each application. The method of procedure, as described by Dr. Chalmers himself, was as follows:—'When one applies for admittance, through his deacon, upon our funds, the first thing to be inquired into is, if there be any kind of work that he can yet do, so as either to keep him altogether off, or, as to make a partial allowance serve for his necessities. The second, what his relations and friends are willing to do for him. The third, whether he is a hearer in any Dissenting place of worship, and whether its Session will contribute to his relief. And if, after these previous inquiries, it be found that further relief is necessary, then there must be a strict ascertainment of his term of residence in Glasgow, and whether he be yet on the funds of the Town Hospital, or is obtaining relief from any other parish. If, upon all these points being ascertained, the deacon of the proportion where he resides still conceives him an object for our assistance, he will inquire whether a small temporary aid will meet the occasion, and state this to the first ordinary meeting. But if, instead of this, he conceives him a fit subject for a regular allowance, he will receive the assistance of another deacon to complete and confirm his inquiries by the next ordinary meeting thereafter; at which time the applicant, if they still think him a fit object, is brought before us, and received upon the fund at such a rate of allowance as, upon all the circumstances of the case, the meeting of deacons shall judge proper.'

To this extreme care must be attributed the success of the experiment. Impostors found it no longer possible to obtain help, habits of thrift and prudence were advanced, and relations and friends were stimulated to come forward with offers of help. Such a sweeping reform not unnaturally attracted a good deal of criticism. Dr. Chalmers was accused of being cold and hard-hearted, and it was asserted that the poor from St. John's parish must have migrated elsewhere to escape such a severe *régime*. This latter statement he altogether refuted by showing that during the first year of the new system twice the number of poor came into the parish compared with those who left, and in the succeeding years the balance continued to be against the parish. The other charges he met with equal success, retorting that the cruelty and hardness rested with those who supported a system of legal relief which eliminated all softening moral influences, and took no account of the friendly intercourse and relationship which is wont to spring up under a voluntary system.

The persistent attacks of Dr. Chalmers, and men who thought

with him, on the evils of the Poor Laws of those days, must have appreciably hastened the passing of the Poor Law Reform Act a few years later. Dr. Chalmers went so far as to advocate the abolition of the Poor Law altogether, in the interests of the poor themselves, believing that legal relief acted as a deterrent to thrift, and unduly interfered with the claims of family ties. Certain it is, that since Poor-Law relief has been more stringently administered friendly societies and dispensaries have increased in numbers, and attained an importance little dreamt of fifty years ago.

In view of the prominence lately given to the question of old-age pensions, it is interesting to observe that Dr. Chalmers was strongly opposed to any system of State provision for the aged. He maintained that 'old age was not an unforeseen exigency, and in the vast majority of cases could have been provided for by the care of the individual. Nor was it an exigency destitute of all resource in the claims and obligations of Nature, for what was more express or clearly imperative than the duty of children? A systematic provision for age in any land was tantamount to a systematic hostility against its virtues, both of prudence and of natural piety.'

Many in these days share the opinions of Dr. Chalmers in regard to these important questions. It has long been felt that a radical reform is needed, both in the administration of the Poor Law and private charity, if we are to steer clear of the evils which caused so much anxiety to our grandfathers. These views are notably held by the Charity Organisation Society and by those working in alliance with it, and, in a sense, they may claim to be Dr. Chalmers's intellectual heirs. The Charity Organisation Society was established in London in 1869, with the purpose of bringing about co-operation between the Poor Law and relief agencies, so as to strengthen their hands and introduce as far as possible uniform methods in the relief of distress. It was hoped that thus waste of resources might be avoided, and the usefulness of each society developed to the full.

With this intent local committees were gradually established in nearly the whole of London, which were intended to be composed of the clergy and ministers of all denominations, members of boards of Poor-Law guardians, vestries, local charities, friendly and trade societies. The committee's office in each locality was to be a centre where all engaged in charitable work could refer for information and take counsel together. It

was not proposed that the committees should raise funds for relief; their chief business was to inquire into cases of distress, advise what should be done, and bring to the notice of the various agencies the cases most suitable for the help they could offer. It was felt that, if this federation of charities could be accomplished, imposition might be suppressed, and effective relief secured for every genuine case of need. At the same time, family claims would be enforced, and habits of thrift and prudence encouraged. The ideal was a high one, and presupposed a willingness on the part of charities and individuals to unite in common work—a willingness which, with rare exceptions, was found not to exist. As a rule, the charities preferred to work in isolation, and refused the overtures of those willing to co-operate with them. Though it cannot be said that, even after twenty-three years' work, the society's principles have been generally adopted, yet unquestionably a great advance has been made.

The necessity of care and thoroughness in charitable work has been recognised, more attention has been given to the study of the causes of poverty, and, generally speaking, the relief of the poor is no longer thought to be so easy a matter that it can be undertaken by anyone without training or previous experience. The number of societies and individuals making use of the society's offices has sensibly increased, and the committees, on the whole, are much more representative and doing better work than they were a few years ago. Much, however, remains to be done, and the society's power for good might be indefinitely multiplied if a still closer co-operation could be secured.

One of the most important factors in work among the poor is an intimate knowledge of the family or individual in distress. It was this knowledge which enabled Dr. Chalmers to conduct his work with such success in Glasgow, and it is the absence of it in many of the newly floated schemes which causes so much mischief.

As it is necessary to take some trouble in order to obtain this knowledge, it is not popular to stop to make inquiry before applying what may prove to be an altogether ineffectual, if not actually injurious, remedy. One of the first axioms of the Charity Organisation Society is a thorough knowledge of all the circumstances prior to giving relief.¹ Instead of supplying free meals *ad libitum* practically to all comers, the Charity Organisation Society would insist upon the more arduous, but infinitely more satisfactory,

¹ This, of course, does not prevent the giving of interim help when necessary, pending full inquiry.

plan of dealing with each case individually, with a view to the permanent removal of the distress, which may be due to a variety of causes, *e.g.* drink, want of work, sickness, laziness, or incapacity. It is obvious that meals alone, in many such cases, will do little good, and in some positive harm. If once we begin to feed the drunkard, or loafer, or his children, why should we stop? The need is always present, and help for a week or two would be of no avail. The demand, however, would only too surely increase with the supply of relief. Again, with want of employment, while in some few instances substantial help might with safety be given to tide a family over a temporary difficulty, as a general rule it would be admittedly unwise to make a practice of giving help whenever the head of the family was out of work. Employment would be more readily thrown up, and less effort made to secure it, if relief was thus ensured. That this is so is proved by the great care and vigilance exercised by members of friendly societies to prevent imposition. If the distress be due to sickness, it is possible that hospital or convalescent treatment might be necessary to restore the invalid to health. In fact, so far from its being possible to apply a uniform specific, it would be found that hardly two cases could be treated in precisely the same manner.

One sign that a section, at any rate, of those devoting their energies to helping the poor is alive to the evils we have pointed out, may be evinced by the increasing popularity of parochial relief committees, which to a great extent work on the lines of the Charity Organisation Society. In parishes where these committees exist, assistance, as a rule, is not given without inquiry and the sanction of the committee, which is composed of the clergy, district visitors, and others, and meets at frequent intervals.

The committees generally co-operate closely with the local Charity Organisation committees, and an interchange of representatives takes place between them. The parochial committee deals with all ordinary cases of distress, referring the more difficult ones to the Charity Organisation Committee for further inquiry and advice, and possibly help in procuring assistance where the expenditure is likely to be considerable.

Many of these committees have been established in London, and their number is increasing. The Rev. C. E. Brooke, vicar of St. John the Divine, Brixton, in an account of nineteen years' work in a large London parish, explains the steps by which he arrived at the conclusion that a relief committee was the best way

to deal with poverty in his parish. First he tried relief by tickets through district visitors, but that was soon found to be unsatisfactory. The tickets were sold or exchanged, and the system proved to be an utter failure. Then he started his own parish kitchen and stores. This was an improvement, and imposition was put a stop to. Still, even these precautions did not insure complete satisfaction, and finally he determined to establish a relief committee. As might be supposed, this was not very popular at first, but it has proved to be a very great boon to the parish. Among the members of the committee are three or four working-men and representatives of the Charity Organisation committee. Each application is taken down on a form, and careful inquiry made before it is brought before the committee. The result of this action has been an increased interest in the work of relief, which, instead of doing harm, as under the old plan, has effected a great deal of permanent good. The constant communication with the other local relief agencies has practically abolished overlapping. Mr. Brooke claims what is, perhaps, of more importance than anything else—that help given with extreme care through a committee will not be used as a bribe to induce attendance at church. Relief given as a Gospel agency only manufactures humbugs and aims a blow at religion. He frankly admits that the new system was not introduced without the sacrifice of some adherents among the poor. These perhaps attached themselves to some church where relief was to be got on easier terms, and no doubt this weeding-out proved to be one of the incidental advantages of the system.

There are other indications that the policy of using discrimination and judgment in these matters is slowly gaining ground, in spite of an occasional onslaught of those who have been aptly termed 'feather-headed enthusiasts.'

As an example, the restriction of outdoor Poor-Law relief and a stricter and more humane administration of the Poor Law, though not general, has in some places, especially in the East End of London, been in force for some years. The effect has been most beneficial, and to judge from recent statistics it only remains for the Guardians throughout England to adopt this policy, long ago advocated by Dr. Chalmers, and pauperism and all its attendant evils might be reduced to a minimum. In Whitechapel—a typical East End union—matters had in 1870 reached a crisis, and the Guardians determined to reconsider their practice of granting profuse outdoor relief, the disastrous effects of which had become

only too evident. From that date the Guardians have persistently reduced the outdoor-relief list, so that whereas in 1869 there were 2,903 persons in receipt of outdoor relief, in 1888 there were only 48; and the most remarkable fact is, that there were actually fewer indoor paupers in the latter year than there were in 1869, showing that those who are refused out-relief can in the majority of cases secure a maintenance outside the workhouse. It is alleged on behalf of this action of the Guardians, that it has been followed by an improvement in the general conditions of the poor. A stimulus has been given to thrift, and there is said to be less drunkenness. Similar results have been attained in Stepney and other places where this policy has been adhered to. Those who favour the granting of outdoor relief can hardly have considered the question in all its bearings, else they would surely hesitate to take any step which might bring about a recurrence of a state of things which, before 1834, had well-nigh ruined the country.

It seems to be undeniable that, the less that is done for the poor, the more they will do for themselves. A refusal to give is often the truest form of charity. The most lavish giver is he who appears to give nothing, but who, by influence on character and encouragement of self-reliance, so awakens the latent capabilities of the man he seeks to help as to save him from the painful necessity of asking for any material gift at all.

H. V. TOYNBEE.

Professor Fleg as a Fisherman.

PROFESSOR FLEG had never caught a salmon or a sea-trout, and when he accompanied Colonel Burscough and Robert to the shooting-box which they had rented in Skye it was his great ambition to fill this vacant niche in his life's achievements. Indeed, he never spoke of the blank without some sense of shame, veiling it, as it were, from the indiscretion of the vulgar.

For when you would ask the Professor if he had ever caught a salmon, he would reply, 'Well, no, not exactly, my dear sir,' for he was the very soul of honour; 'but I have fished for them, though always with ill success, and I have gaffed a salmon for a more fortunate or more skilful angler.'

So Professor Fleg came to Skye full of hope.

But this year Skye suffered under an infliction that does not often befall it. It laboured under a partial drought. The salmon could not go up the Skaebost—that mighty river, so much like the Regent's Park Canal—nor could the sea-trout get up the lesser burns. They would be seen jumping (what McBain, the Gaelic man-of-all-work, called 'chiming') in the loch, looking for fresh water that they might ascend, until, as McBain said, he could not bear to be on the yacht's deck any longer, but must go below that he might not see this tantalising sight of fish that he could not catch, albeit there was fine sport to be had 'splash-netting' at the burns' mouths.

And Professor Fleg mingled sympathetic tears with the trouble of the salmon and the sea-trout, but in insufficient quantity to produce a spate.

But then there came a day, an evening on the Saturday, when the dark clouds began rushing across the Minch from the Uists and all the outer Hebrides, be-wordpainted by Black, and poured down all night a liberal rain upon the land of Skye. And the next morning, being Sunday, a sea-trout came up as far as the bridge

pool in the burn that runs past the house, and kept rising hungrily as if it were long since he had tasted fresh food.

It was clear by this time, and the spate was only partial. But the sea-trout was content, and did not try to go up any farther. Only Professor Fleg was not content, as he watched him through his spectacles. The Professor did not go to church, but spent his time in contemplating Nature's handiwork in the shape of that trout in the bridge pool. For a long time he watched it and was strong. Then he grew weak and yielded.

He went into the house and got out his rod and line. He put on his best 'blue upright,' having a cultured taste for quiet colours, and began to throw with much satisfaction over the spot where the fish was rising. After every second throw he managed to hook himself in the leg, the hat, or the spectacles, and spent a while in disentangling himself. But the wind was with him, and his line went out over the water of its own accord, and the fly fell lightly, greatly to the Professor's admiration.

At the sixth throw he felt that sudden intoxicating tug, followed by a variable strain upon the responsive upper joint of the rod, which means a bite. Professor Fleg flushed redly with pleasure and excitement, and prepared to display all his skill in landing this his first sea-trout. He feared to give the fish too much line, for he was not an adept at reeling up, and preferred to dash after the trout, ankle deep in water. Then it seemed to threaten to lead him into the rapids at the tail of the pool, so, giving him the butt, the Professor ventured to put a little strain on him. He yielded kindly, and the Professor grew more bold, tightening his hold upon him until he gradually brought him to the bank, where he pounced on the fish with one hand while holding the rod aloft so as to keep a steady strain upon him.

And so he landed his first sea-trout, and it weighed as near as possible three-eighths of a pound.

And this was the Sabbath day.

The Professor threw down his rod and line, sighed with relief, looked lovingly at the trout. Then he drew out his pocket-handkerchief with his right hand, and removing his hat with his left turned his face to the cooling breeze and prepared to mop his warm and intellectual brow. In this unfinished pose he was suddenly arrested, as if turned to stone, by meeting the gaze of a half-score of 'bodies' who were watching him over the side of the bridge close by.

They were crofter bodies, and the odour of peat smoke and of

strong disapproval of his proceedings was wafted down upon the Professor even before they spoke. For the most part they spoke in Gaelic, but a few spoke in a tongue resembling English. And this is what they said --

‘Eh, mon, did a body iver see the like of it?’

‘A sea-trout it is, Alick!’

‘Wi’ rod and line, forbye!’—as if there were something more profanely secular in this misuse of the engines of Walton’s craft than if it had been an honest net.

‘Are ye no mindin’, ye sinfu’ body, that this is the Sawbath day?’

To tell the truth, this was a circumstance which the events of the previous ten minutes had entirely put out of Mr. Fleg’s head. But on the direct challenge of his last interlocutor he became at once alive to the enormity of his indiscretion. In infinite confusion he laid his hat reverently beside the trout and began, ‘My dear people——’ But he was interrupted by a discordant Gaelic turmoil, across which came, in Lowland Scotch, ‘Eh! dinna speak. We’ll hae na dealin’s wi’ ye, ye sinfu’ body.’

The Professor was one of the most sensitive as well as most habitually courteous of men, and he felt that he had never before been in so disconcerting and distressing a condition. The only thing that it occurred to him to do, in the perplexity of the situation, was to unfasten the trout from the hook, and, taking it in his hand as a peace-offering, approach in this conciliatory manner the little crowd upon the bridge. Nor, in his pride at the capture of the fish, did its inadequacy as a peace-offering occur to him, for it was but a fish of something between a quarter- and a half-pound’s weight. But being his first sea-trout it appeared to the Professor in the light of a far more precious thing than it seemed to his critics, who were in the habit of catching fifty of such at a time in their splash nets, and the Professor in his trouble forgot that the added value given it by the fact of his having been its captor was a value which, though immense, was purely subjective, as one may say, and would appeal but little to the critics on the bridge.

As the Professor picked up the trout and came towards them, the clamour subsided into silent observation; and this spectacle of Mr. Fleg, the incarnation of the scientific spirit of the nineteenth century, approaching, bareheaded and suppliant, trout in hand, the throng of Gaelic Sabbatarians, was one for the gods to marvel at.

Mr. Fleg looked from one face to the other of the crofters, but found small encouragement therein; nor did they cast the covetous eyes he had expected upon his peace-offering, his trout. He addressed himself therefore to the Lowland woman whose speech he had at least partially been able to understand.

'Pardon me, my dear madam,' he said in his most courteous way, 'if I take the liberty of addressing you without introduction. But might I ask you to favour me by the acceptance of this'—he held out his hand—'this'—he failed to find an adjective that would express his feelings—'this—fish?'

The Professor felt conscious of a something near akin to bathos in this conclusion; but it is to be recorded that not a suspicion of amusement was to be seen on any crofter face. The case was far too serious. To the Professor it seemed to grow more serious every instant, when the woman broke forth:—

'Tak' it awa'! Tak' it awa', ye sinfu' mon! Dae ye think tae supperlicate me wi' the wages o' sin? Awa', I tell ye—awa'! I wad na touch yer wuckedness though it were a great saumon itsel', let alone a meeserable wee bit trootie sic' as yon.'

'Miserable troutie, my good woman!' the Professor began, deeply mortified by the rejection of his proffered peace-offering and the insult heaped upon it. But the woman gave him no chance.

'Dinna ye "guid woman" me! I'll ha' nane o' yer "guid womans." Did na ye ken,' she said, turning on the poor man fiercely, 'did na ye ken that it was t' Sawbath day?'

'My good wo—— I mean,' he hastily corrected himself, 'my dear madam, I can very truly assure you that for the moment I had forgotten the fact.'

'Guid sakes save us!'

The woman threw her hands in the air in pious amazement, and forthwith translated this appalling intelligence into Gaelic for the benefit of the majority; on which there was a simultaneous exclamation of horror, and a drawing back from the Professor as if he had been 'a laidly worm' or other uncanny object. And a new aspect was then put on the matter by the arrival of McBain.

McBain himself, indeed, looked upon Mr. Fleg and the fishing-rod and the sea-trout with grave disapproval, but more in sorrow than in anger, as he listened to the account, given him with many suitable interjections of pious indignation, of the Professor's enormities.

He looked a good deal shocked, and he paused awhile, in his

Highland way, before he said anything, turning round and round his hat, which he held before him in his hand, as if it were the handle of a barrel-organ to grind out the words with. Then he addressed himself to the lady who had been Mr. Fleg's chief inquisitor:—

'I'm not saying that I approve of the fishing, Mrs. Macpherson—it is a sinful thing upon the Sabbath day. But there has been worse things done in this township and on this foreshore since this Sabbath's dawn, Mrs. Macpherson. See whether all the black is washed from off your own hands.'

This address of McBain's had a wonderfully mitigating effect upon the righteous wrath of the lady. Whatever the colour of her hands, her face changed its hue and became several shades warmer. Then she gathered up her kirtle, as one who would keep herself free from besmirching surroundings, and swept, with her nose aloft, over the bridge.

And finding themselves abandoned by their chief spokeswoman, the rest of the crowd one by one followed her example, until Professor Fleg, McBain, and the sea-trout were left alone together.

McBain then explained to the Professor the hidden virtue in his words, by which he had swept away, as a peat smoke does a host of midges, the crowd of Sabbatarians. He explained that the reference to the possible blackness of Mrs. Macpherson's hands was not purely metaphorical. For it so happened that on this very Sunday morning McBain had looked out of the door of his black house very early. And his house stood on the opposite side of the loch from that on which most of the houses of the township stood. And as he was admiring the face of Nature he became aware of two figures moving upon the shore, and, watching attentively, saw that they were engaged in abstracting as many lumps of coal as they could conveniently carry from a large heap which had been discharged off a ship the previous day for the use of Colonel Burscough's household. But while McBain put on his boots—with which, he said, he would like to have 'kicked the thieves sorely'—they went off with their coals, and though they were too far off for him to identify, in the dim early light, he was able to see that they went to Mrs. Macpherson's cottage.

McBain concluded his explanation by some general observations on the wickedness of Sabbath-breaking which went home to the Professor's heart. He then said 'Good-day,' leaving the Professor to gather up his hat and his rod and line, and return to the house with the trout in his hand and a tumult in his heart,

which was divided between a joy, not yet completely chastened, in his capture, and pain at the shock he had inflicted on the sensibilities of these weaker and peat-smoky brethren.

The Professor and Colonel Burscough had met a singular man as they came up by train. He had entered the train at Dingwall and accompanied them to Strome Ferry. He was a stalwart person and wore a kilt with all its accessories and a beard. He carried in his hand all that he had with him by way of luggage—a very long and thin box. He put this under the seat of the carriage.

He talked very volubly, especially when he discovered Mr. Fleg's interest, and ignorance, in fishing. He told tales of the fishing in Loch Torridon, a sea-water loch in the mainland just opposite the Quirang, in the north of Skye. 'In Loch Torridon,' he said, 'the lythe grow to such a prodigious size that the natives when they fish for them adopt the following plan. They tie the end of the rod to a spare oar which they take with them in the boat for the especial purpose. As soon as they hook one of these monsters he rushes off, dragging out the line till the reel is nearly red-hot. Then when the line on the reel is exhausted they throw the rod overboard, and after the rod the oar, and they go rowing about the loch after them. The oar remains on the top of the water, though dragged along at a tremendous rate by the fish below. By degrees it goes slower and slower, and then when they judge the fish to be sufficiently tired they pick up the oar and then the rod, and gradually reel in the fish till they can reach him with the gaff.'

The Colonel and the Professor were both silent when the Highlander had finished the story, and he seemed rather disappointed; but at length he said, 'Well, you do not seem very conversationally inclined, so I think I'll just give you a tune on the pipes.'

So he took up his luggage—the long box—which was seen, when opened, to contain an eighteen-foot salmon-rod, two paper collars, and some bagpipes. Now the Highland railway is not a thing of rhythmical movement at best, and the Colonel and the Professor found its jolts and shakings, when accompanied by the shrieks and screams and groans of Scotland's national instrument of what she is pleased to call music, rather a severe tax on the senses. The bagpipes are bearable, mellowed by the distance of a Highland glen, but in the confinement of a railway carriage they are rather much. The man of war was forced into one corner of

the carriage, the man of learning into another, as though they were physically compressed there by the volume of the sound which the Highlander, with immense delight, was uttering from the other end of the carriage. And he was a magnificent specimen of the human race, and seemed to bear it even with pleasure himself; nor did he cease for a moment to take breath, playing one reel tune after another (all marvellously alike) until the train came tardily to its terminus at Strome Ferry. There he put his bagpipes regretfully into the long thin box again, expressed the great pleasure which the society of the Colonel and the Professor had given him during the journey, and his sincere regret that he was unable any longer to enjoy it. Then he wrung each of them by the hand with a warmth that left them under the impression of having suffered the mediæval form of torture known as the embrace of the rat-catcher's daughter, and vanished into the crowd of tourists, bearing with him the long thin box and an invitation incautiously given him by the hospitable Colonel (before the production of the bagpipes) to visit them at the shooting lodge if his travels led him in that direction.

Now this was a man whom they were not likely to forget, and though Mr. Fleg accepted his account of the lythe fishing at Loch Torridon with a *soupeçon* of the classic grain of salt with which he would fain have seasoned the Highland music, still he felt that, like all myths, this should have somewhere a substratum of fact about it, were it only by way of allegory.

Wherefore Mr. Fleg was in the frequent habit of saying, 'Would it not be possible, my dear sir, for us one day to snatch a favourable hour and sail across to Loch Torridon, there to tempt our fortune with some of those monsters of the deep of which our Highland friend spoke to us?'

To which Colonel Burscough would always answer, 'Why, jam it all, Fleg! easiest thing in the world, of course—nothing easier. Choose your own time. Order the boat whenever you like. But all I stipulate is that I don't go with you—see?'

This was the sort of permission of which Mr. Fleg was the last man in the world to be able to take advantage. To order out a yacht belonging to another man and to give the order to a skipper who was another's servant were inconceivable impertinences to Mr. Fleg. But at length he persuaded Robert to take the enterprise in hand, and once Robert had undertaken it its accomplishment was near at hand.

So they started with a fair breeze down the loch, and all went

well till they were round the north of Skye and off North Rona, where the wind died away and it fell a dead calm. They flapped about idly awhile, and put out some lines over the yacht's side in twenty fathoms of water, and had never a bite for an hour.

Suddenly Mr. Fleg exclaimed, 'I am of opinion, my dear sir, that a fish is even now biting at my bait.'

'Oh, then pull up, pull up, please, Mr. Professor,' McBain said in great excitement.

The Professor began hauling in the line, and the business went well till he had himself anchored in a cat's-cradle of some six fathoms of the line in inextricable confusion. He was like the advertisement of somebody's pills—the lion in the net. Then McBain said, 'Let me, let me, Mr. Professor!' and taking the line from him began hauling it in, while Mr. Fleg was too entangled to make a protest, and solaced himself by taking up the gaff instead.

'A large fush, a large fush,' McBain said appreciatively, as he drew in foot after foot of the tugging line, while Mr. Fleg stood in eager readiness with the gaff.

At last the thing came flapping on the top of the water. It was a large cod, nearly twenty pounds in weight.

'The gaff! the gaff!' McBain said softly.

Mr. Fleg leant over the side, but the gaff had caught for a moment in something inboard. He gave it a tug and loosed it, and at the same instant an extra strain seemed to come upon the line—the cod gave one extra whisk of his tail—the double gut broke—and away went Mr. Cod down into the depths again, with the end of broken gut waving like a moustache from the corner of his mouth.

'Oh dear! oh dear! what a misfortune, my dear sir! The gaff, my dear sir—it was caught in something.'

'Eh? eh?' said McBain gently. 'It wass my leg.'

'Your what? Leg! My dear sir! Leg! Your? My dear Mr. McBain, are you in sober earnest?'

'Eh? eh? It iss no matter.'

'No matter! My dear sir, I tugged at it!'

'Eh? Yis—tugged—yis,' McBain said, quite pleased to recognise the word.

Then Mr. Fleg covered himself with profuse apologies and bound up McBain's leg, to the latter's unspeakable confusion, in his own pocket-handkerchief; and then, the calm continuing, and there seeming no prospect of getting more fish, Mr. Fleg disen-

tangled himself from the line and went down to the saloon to write an article on the insensibility of the Celtic race to pain, expressing views which would show the crofter question in an entirely new light.

Meanwhile McBain had softly approached Robert. 'I know sir. There iss a sandbank near yonder. It iss a splendid bank for spoot-fush.'

'What's spout-fish?'

'Eh! eh! With shells. They dig down in sand—splendid nice to eat.'

'Well, how can we get 'em?'

'The dinghy,' said McBain.

So they started in the dinghy and rowed off to the sandbank, and there they dug in the soft sand until they overtook the quickly burrowing long-shelled bivalves and came back with a whole shoal of them in the boat. McBain had not overestimated the sandbank.

Then they showed them to Mr. Fleg. 'And how do you eat them, my dear sir—in their native condition, or fried, or boiled?'

'Jist boiled,' McBain said; 'in watter,' he added, that there should be no mistake.

'Quite so, my dear sir—in water,' Mr. Fleg repeated, and went below again to the anæsthesia of the Celt.

McBain looked to the boiling of the 'spoot-fush' himself—again that there should be no mistake; and the time drew on till four o'clock in the evening, when McBain took the 'spoot-fush' from the fire and declared them ready for eating.

'They look indeed most excellent, my dear sir,' Mr. Fleg said, as they appeared upon a plate.

Then they began to try to eat them. They got them into their mouths and champed upon them, but without making the least effect. Their teeth went in, but the 'spoot-fush' just flattened itself out like indiarubber, and tough as leather, and squeaked (like indiarubber) as it regained its shape when their wearied jaws parted off it.

'Excellent, doubtless, my dear sir,' said Mr. Fleg to Robert; 'could one but reduce them to such a condition as would permit of the palate taking cognisance of them; but as it is, my dear sir—eh?—yes—a trifle, as we may say, tough.'

It was seldom that Mr. Fleg's charity allowed him to pass so severe a criticism. The 'spoot-fush' must have appeared to him very, very inedible.

McBain was very disappointed. He ate his own 'spoot-fush,' and came aft to see how the others were being appreciated. He said they were 'splendid nice,' and was but moderately comforted by Mr. Fleg telling him he was convinced that as 'spout-fish' they were quite prize specimens of their species, and that he was sure they would be found delicious by those who liked 'spout-fish.' For his own part, however, he grieved to say that his education had not been such as to lead him to an appreciation of 'spout-fish.'

Robert expressed a very similar opinion in somewhat cruder terms, telling McBain that the spout-fish were 'blamed good things to give a teething baby to chew on, but not fit food for a Christian man.'

McBain, a blighted being, could but solace himself by eating up the rejected 'spout-fish' of Robert and Mr. Fleg.

And the calm continued, and the stillness was unbroken save by the occasional flapping of the sails and the squeaking of Mr. Fleg's quill-pen in the saloon below as he expounded his theme of Celtic anæsthesia.

Then from the deck above there were borne to him sounds of pitiful groaning, as of a man in his death agony. He went up the companion-way and found McBain prone upon the deck, face downward. He was groaning deep bass guttural groans, and Robert and the other man were standing in a sympathetic silent circle around him.

'What is it, my dear sir? What is it? Can it be, my dear sir, that the gaff—his leg——'

'Oh, no, Mr. Fleg! it's not that,' Robert began; but McBain's voice interrupted him.

'Eh! eh!' he was exclaiming in his earnest, gentle way. 'I wush they spoot-fush wass back on that sandbank.' Then he groaned again in inward agony.

So Mr. Fleg made some suggestions for McBain's relief, and returned to his cabin thoughtfully, and thought for a long time over his paper on the insensibility to pain of the Celtic people. Then he tore the paper into little pieces and threw them from his porthole; and a little puff of wind, errant through the calm, took the scraps and wafted them up to the deck, and they fell all about on McBain, who now was lying asleep, face upward on the deck, like the leaves which the robins spread upon the lost babes in the wood.

McBain went on sleeping and the calm continued, and they

hoisted the riding light above the yacht's bow, and all turned in, save the man on watch. But for a long while Mr. Fleg did not sleep, for the eagerness of his mind kept him wakeful. Out of the porthole through which he had thrown the scraps of the essay which the 'spoot-fush' had spoiled he had let out a deep line, and even as he lay in his bunk he could lift the lead up and down off the bottom. In his mind's eye he saw it so clearly there, twenty fathoms below—the crosspiece of iron and the lead hanging from the middle of the iron bar. Then, from either end of the bar, a bit of twisted gut let hang a hook baited with the shiniest and tastiest bit of herring. Nor was this all that this happy Professor of Anatomy could see—though maybe it was all that there was to be seen—for one is not a Professor of Anatomy for nothing. He could see great cod-fish, huge skates, twenty-pounder lythe, all cruising about upon the sand and sea-weed below, examining with hungry eyes—every instant opening ravenous mouths to gobble them—those tempting herring collops. But once or twice he really did think that he felt a fishy grip at the line, and pulled it up a little way, sitting up in his bunk. But no, there was no more tugging; and sadly he let it down again and lay back in his bed.

And then it seemed to the Professor that he dozed, and woke to the reality of a fearful contest. For the line which was around his finger was being pulled with fierce tugs, as though the finger would be torn bodily off, and the line was cutting into the flesh; but he lay there and with the courage and strength of desperation hauled in the line upon his berth. And he took no heed that it was all dripping wet with the sea-water and soaking his blankets, but pulled on and on. And still the tug-tugging went on, more and more emphatic as he drew the fish from the depths. At length he heard its splashes as he got it on the surface of the water; but he did not hesitate, and drew it right up to the porthole. But there the crossbar of iron caught and held a moment; at which he gave a stronger pull, and the bar came through with a jerk, and the fish glided through the porthole with it.

And then the man on watch was aroused by fearful cries, and McBain jumped from the deck, forgetful of the 'spoot-fush,' and rushed down the companion-way, dashing this way and that like a dog that hears its master's whistle but cannot make out whence it comes. But the cries kept up, and there was no difficulty in placing them—in Mr. Fleg's cabin. So they opened the door with no ceremony upon a curious sight, carrying a suggestion of

St. George and the Dragon, of Andromeda and the monster, of the infant Hercules and the serpent in his cradle; for there was Mr. Fleg prone upon his berth struggling, with screams of terror, against the multitudinous folds of a huge conger.

The fish still had the hook in its jaw, and had wound about itself the many fathoms of the line as, with head now where its tail was an instant since, it seemed to search its enemy among the blankets. But there was no method in its attack—neither, considering his knowledge of anatomy, was there so much as might have been expected on the part of Mr. Fleg. For he did but grasp at the conger's tail when that portion of the creature was towards him, but on the instant that the gaping head appeared where but just now was the tail Mr. Fleg ducked beneath the blankets, and the enemy prowled above them searching for him in vain.

McBain said, 'Eh! eh! eh!' and his face showed appreciation and oblivion of all his pain and his 'spoot-fush' as he watched the struggle.

And then he drew his knife; and the Celt brandishing the weapon was but an added terror to the poor Professor as he watched the blade flashing along the sea-serpent's coils above him. For McBain bungled over the execution, as if of sly purpose, until the Professor once for all buried his head beneath the clothes with definite resolve not to lift it until the *dénouement*; and McBain with deft movement sliced off the threatening head. Still the body wriggled, and the Professor would not for a while yet be assured. Then McBain bore the conger away, swathed in the twenty fathoms of line, and Mr. Fleg followed, inadequately clad, to view his quarry.

So the sea-serpent was hung up for human food, for there are people who can eat anything, a conger even. And the yacht was at peace, and becalmed, until dawn. Then a breeze came, and they were in Loch Torridon before midday. And there they had mighty fishing; for, though they did not catch the monstrous lythe of which the bagpiper had told them, they caught whittings and skates and haddocks in tremendous quantity and variety with deep lines from the yacht. Moreover, they caught lythe, 'tailing' for them, with an indiarubber eel and bright spinning tin head, behind the dinghy as they rowed round a rocky island which is there; so that two days later Mr. Fleg returned to the lodge as happy as Odysseus might have been had he come from a less protracted siege of Troy.

HORACE HUTCHINSON.

At the Sign of the Ship.

IF to err be human, there is a great deal of human nature in these scattered notes. Mr. Henderson, the author of *The Casket Letters*, points out to me that Dalglish's 'confession' is printed in Buchanan's *Detectio Mariæ Reginae*, and that Bresslau quotes an abstract from Morton's Declaration, not the copy published by Mr. Henderson; moreover, that M. Philippson gives up the other story about the capture of Dalglish. In another field of research I seem also to have blundered, not in these pages; but I may as well burn my faggot here. In Mr. Conan Doyle's excellent *Great Shadow* he introduces a house built half on each side of the Border, north of Tweed. I fancied Tweed was the Border in that place, but it seems that the domain of Berwick-on-Tweed extends north of the river. The mistake about Mr. Henderson's book was due to a reading of his first, not his second, edition.

* * *

An unknown correspondent sends the following curious deposition of guilt in witchcraft:—

* The Abyss of Bayswater: December 15.

'Dear Sir,—I am a diligent reader of the "Ship" in LONG-MAN'S, and seeing you take an interest in dreams and such things, it has occurred to me that you may know something about witchcraft too! For several years I have had an intense desire to inflict some pains and aches on the writer calling himself ———, in revenge for impertinent remarks about woman in his books. In pursuance of this object I secured his likeness, and with many an evil wish stabbed it full of pins! But, as far as I could learn, he suffered not at all; in fact quite lately, at a lecture, I saw him looking as self-satisfied a fogey as usual. Having now discovered that ——— is merely his *nom de guerre*, I am proceeding to torture him anew, and, knowing you hail from the land of the

warlock and the witch, shall be very grateful for a few hints on the subject.'

* * *

The procedure of my esteemed correspondent was perfectly regular, as the name of the gentleman experimented on was his real name. He is a friend of my own, so I do not publish it, as he might dislike being called a fogey; but, in fact, he suffered horrible agonies, as a result of the process of stabbing his effigy. At the same time his sceptical and scientific bent of mind prevents him from attributing his sufferings to their real cause. My correspondent is in a fair way to 'learn him to be a toad'; and perhaps he will speak of the Sex, in future, with more respect.

* * *

An American correspondent sends the following note on sensation in fish. As one has seen a trout rise to a Whitchurch dun, break the gut, go on feeding, and presently be landed on another fly, and as my friend Norman (referred to later) caught a salmon with a Popham, three other Pophams sticking in his mouth, I am still persuaded that fish do not feel as we do. If we were hooked at dinner, we should leave off feeding, especially on a dangerous dish. But, of course, if incompetent persons tear a fish's mouth to rags with a huge artificial minnow and set of triangles, as in this American anecdote, that is a different affair. An injury to an organ is one thing, a prick in a horny lip is another.

* * *

'My reason for writing you is to express a doubt as to the correctness of your opinion, as expressed in your article on the absence of feeling in fish. You say, "Fish, if they feel, do not feel as we do." My experience leads me to think that they do feel, and continue suffering, just as we do. In Southern Oregon there is a river called the Williamson—named after a Scotsman—than which it would be difficult to *imagine* a finer trout-stream. It is, in July—the time of year I twice had the pleasure of spending two weeks on its banks—as large as the Beaully and the Ness combined usually are at that time. It is the largest stream running into Lake Klamath, and passes through the Indian Reservation, and the Reservation is as closely guarded against poachers as the Highlands. (All this detail is necessary to "clear the pint" of "feeling.") Well, last year, for the second time, I got permission from Mr.

Mathews, the Indian Agent, to go on the Reservation with four other amateur anglers ("fishing cranks" is the term applied to us here.) Most of the party had never fished with the fly, and could not cast; but they could sit on a rough Indian bridge and let a spoon-hook float down on the rapid current, and when a fish hooked itself, as in your case, when you were half asleep, they gave him the "butt," as instructed previously, and if the fish got away another soon took his place; and these fish weighed from 1 lb. to 10 lb. Major MacGregor, a Scotsman from Ayr, who was in charge of the cavalry at Fort Klamath, told me that he landed a 13-lb. trout on the Williamson. After so much amateur angling as this a great many fish were wounded badly, and many hooks and leaders were lost. The day before we broke up camp I landed, among a number of other fish, two that weighed—one 4 lb. and the other nearly 5 lb., *both in a sickly condition, and both with torn mouths*, and these were the only sickly fish I saw on the river. Therefore I am convinced that fish suffer pain, even if they again and again rise to a fly, yourself and Norman of Helmsdale to the contrary notwithstanding. These fish were previously hooked, and so roughly handled by our beginners that the hooks were torn through their mouths, leaving deep wounds—the treble hooks of the spoon not sinking in the fish as deeply as one fly-hook would, but doing much more injury to the struggling trout. The want of gameness in these fish showed itself to me as soon as I bent the rod on them. Now, I am convinced that a fish suffers just as a warm-blooded animal suffers; that the fever which takes possession of a badly wounded soldier is represented in a badly wounded fish by some other natural process. What you say about Norman's salmon may be true, but because a fish keeps swallowing Pophams it does not necessarily prove that he is not suffering. What could he do? Go to the bottom and die? Activity on his part would soon loosen a bookful of Pophams, and they would all drop out. When a well-conditioned trout jumps into the air after he is hooked, and tries to shake the hook out of his mouth, it surely is because it pains him? A dog will exert himself as much when a rat gets hold of him by the nose.

• •

One or two critics, who are also poets, though poets but little read, have recently been denouncing 'literary poetry.' It might be thought that all poetry by persons who can read and write is 'literary.' The late Laureate was an eminently literary poet; so

was Milton, so was Virgil, so is everyone who is a poet at all in an age of reading and writing. But perhaps the objection is made to poets who are literary—and nothing else. That sort of objection would be worth taking if there were great risk that the world would be seduced by this too-premeditated art. Similar censures are occasionally directed against 'literary plays.' The modern drama, with all respect to the friends of Dr. Ibsen, is not essentially marked by literary qualities. Scarcely anyone thinks of reading a modern play, however much it may amuse him on the stage. Again, the plays which are literature never reach the stage, as a general rule. The manager who would act Mr. Swinburne's 'Bothwell' would inevitably be compelled to cut great cantles out, for it occupies a portly and imposing volume. Lord Tennyson's plays have seen the footlights, but not triumphantly. As for the tragedies which misguided young men publish, their name is legion, and the authors usually expect Mr. Irving to produce them. But nobody acts them, any more than he thinks of acting Beddoes's *Death's Jest Book*. Poetry and the stage are not on friendly terms, as they were in the days between Marlowe's time and Dr. Johnson's. Yet the hope of being acted still seduces the literary heart, and it is only after one or two failures that most imaginative authors cease to follow light hopes of a dramatic triumph. The mere lucre to be gained from a successful play throws all other literary profits into the shade—and then there is the fame, the laurels, and the general excitement. Besides, the stage is traditionally the proper arena for a lettered ambition, so everybody tries the sock and buskin on; but they are like Cinderella's slipper, and fit few, or none. Among plays which have literary qualities and are readable, may be recommended Messrs. Henley and Stevenson's *Three Plays* (Nutt); two of them have been acted. The third, I think, has not been performed. They are readable, as they were sure to be, but they do suggest many reflections on the drama for 'the closet,' as it is called. We cannot but ask ourselves whether the authors would not have been yet more readable if they had told their tales in ordinary (or, in their case, anything but ordinary) narrative. People are divided into the two great classes of those who can scarcely read anything in dramatic form at all, and people who can read almost anything eagerly, provided it be but in the shape of a drama. The latter students can be happy, not only with Shakespeare and Molière, but with Nabbes and Glapthorne and Shadwell, and all the common run of Elizabethan and Restoration

dramatists. Probably they are people of much imaginative vision, who can see the stage and the actors in their mind's eye, and are nearly as pleased with their little theatre of fancy as if they were actually in the pit or the stalls. But the other class of readers want to have things explained and put lucidly before them, as a play can only be put with all the usual appurtenances of the stage. Even this less imaginative class will, no doubt, read *Three Plays*, but I scarcely think they will be as much pleased as if the adventures of Deacon Brodie and of Admiral Guinea were told in straightforward narrative. They will be annoyed, too, by the many bracketed passages, which give to the printed page a rather algebraic air. Probably these represent concessions made by the authors: these passages, they seem to say, an actor may cut, if he *must* cut something. But the mere reader likes to do his own skipping, and he is puzzled and delayed when an author seems to say, 'You may skip this bit if you like.' The reader begins to ask himself, 'Why should I skip this? I think it is as good as the rest, better perhaps; I would rather skip that other bit.' A mystic writer, William Postel, put a preface in one of his books entreating the reader at all events to peruse pages 97-113, and the like, even if he was bored by the rest of the work. But the common student prefers vastly to make his own selections at his own free will.

* * *

The story of Deacon Brodie is well known; it is borrowed from the criminal career of a distinguished carpenter in Edinburgh. This highly respectable craftsman was a cabinet-maker by day, by night a burglar. This is the 'double life' which fascinated Mr. Stevenson, but to others it seems that the Jekyll is too nearly akin to the Hyde. A worker with delicate tools is naturally well qualified to burgle. If the Deacon had been an Archdeacon, the contrast would have been more striking when he neglected his Archidiaconal functions for the mystery of cracking cribs. But the characters, rather than the story, are the alluring part of the composition. We lose our hearts to George Smith, a genial thief, a kind of Charley Bates, and there is much truculent humour in Moore, the prize-fighter gone wrong. 'Alas,' as Mr. Birrell's Quaker lady said, 'for the bruisers of England!' Jean, the Deacon's mistress, is a very decent, loyal, Scotch lass, and Slink Ainslie is a miscreant so idiomatically Scotch that a Southron can scarce enjoy him fully. Yet, as we read, we keep wishing (if we are un-

dramatic) that Slink Ainslie and Moore and George Smith were characters in a story. It is not so with Beau Austin and Anthony Musgrave, that patron of Tom Cribb, and Miss Forster. They are born for the stage, and in its conventions breathe their natural air and have their natural being. But we may almost regret that our admired friend Pew, the blind sailor, who was always 'putting the spot' on people, and was left for dead in 'Treasure Island,' should reappear only as a poor player. Much lurid light is here shed on the previous performances of Pew, and his slaver's song is very good, and horrid. In fact, Miss Catherine Morland's taste for the 'horrid' would have been full-fed on the terrific scene where the blind Pew meets the old slaver, Admiral Guinea, raving remorsefully in his sleep; Pew is killed again, dying game, and speaking hopefully of a future life in a mysterious Paradise known to mariners as Fiddler's Green. But he may live to fight another day, perhaps, for the romance of piracy is inexhaustible. His idea of being recommended to fill the post of beadle to the Bishop of Dover is worthy of his practical character. We are always sorry when poetical justice announces that it is 'time for Pew to go.' He is such a 'fine natural blackguard,' like Jack Spraggon.

* * *

Mr. Stevenson is perhaps a little handicapped by writing *David Balfour* in *Atalanta*, which is a journal destined *virginibus*, rather than *pueris*. In his volume, when the book is finished, he may tell us what the verses were which Allan Ramsay wrote on Prestongrange's three bonnie daughters, and which David Balfour thought it unbecoming in their father to quote. Much curiosity is felt in cultivated circles, which are also rather anxious for the reappearance of Allan Breck.

The mention of that Loyalist reminds me that at last I have seen a portrait of Miss Walkinshaw, who loved the Prince in Scotland during the siege of Stirling, followed him to France three or four years later, was the cause of a quarrel with his English adherents, and became the mother of the Duchess of Albany. For what kind of face was the world well lost? Its one attraction is a pair of very large and melting black eyes; except for these she is a very ordinary-looking lady; but, 'as Philina says, 'a pair of black eyes are heaven to a pair of blue ones.' Probably these were the black eyes which the Prince used to toast whenever, in his island wanderings, he came by a drop of drink. His fol-

lowers thought he referred to a daughter of France. For size and colour Miss Walkinshaw's eyes yield to nobody's, princess or no princess.

* *

'Who shall protect poor critics from the false suspicions of authors?' writes an unhappy correspondent. 'Take the case,' he says, 'of Jones and me. I am acquainted with Jones; with all his productions I am not familiar; there is a world of things to be read; how can we expect everyone to keep up with our industries? Of all things, the last that I ever think of doing is to review a book of Jones's; I might happen not to care for it very much, but no temptation would lead me, nor force compel, into speaking unfavourably about Jones's book in print. Well, he has been delivered of a treatise on Quaternions, and, being reviewed in a fashion which he does not relish in *The Daily Round*, that militant journal, he says that I am his reviewer. Now, I never saw his book, not even the cover of it in a shop; I never (need I say?) wrote a line in *The Daily Round* in my life; I know nothing of Quaternions, and I never even saw the review of which I am held to be greatly guilty. But how are authors to be cured of this strange imagination? Why should Jones imagine—first, that I would dislike his work; next, that I would "cut it up" if I did dislike it; thirdly, that I would do so in a journal which I never even see, still less write for? Would that all literary contributions to the Press were signed; not till they are signed can we escape from the most unexpected suspicions. But, alas! probably we would be said to have "inspired" the things which were signed by other people. I do not believe,' adds my correspondent, 'that people really go about denouncing anonymously works which they would praise if they signed their names. There are always plenty of strangers to dispraise books, and to them the task is usually left.'

* *

This unlucky correspondent's case is very common; and, what is worst, we never learn how many people think we have been printing this or that about them, while we were all unconscious of the whole matter. The sins which we commit are numerous enough; it is melancholy to be held responsible for the sins which we do not even know to have been committed. Nor can I conceive a more invidious position than that of Smith when Brown comes to him and says, 'That beast Green has his knife into me

in the *Theseum*, while it is really Smith himself who wrote the critique, which he considered laudatory, and even flattering. What is Smith to do? Probably he had better make a clean breast of it, explaining that he thought he had not been using the knife at all, or, if so, the butter-knife. Unluckily, this explanation, though it relieves Green, is unlikely, on the whole, to propitiate Brown. Oh that we could cultivate the philosophy of the Boy who didn't care! for these things are not worth that inexpensive execration which the Victor of Waterloo frequently referred to, and valued at twopence.

* * *

The following verses are in the Forfarshire dialect; hence some unusual words, which may be familiar enough in the classical city of Thrums:—

THROUGH ELFIN EEN.

A'e little elf sat crackin' till anither,

'Neth the siller stars i' the munelicht clear,

'Far ha'e ye wander't, my ain true brither?

Fat ha'e ye seen sin we met last year?

'I've seen girss growin' an' the trees deein'

An' little men standin' in big men's shune:

Daft fowk tellin' truth an' wyss fowk leein'

An' suppin' wi' the Deil wi' a gey short spune;

Maist that I hinna seen 's hardly worth seein',

But it cows me to ken fu it a' can be dune.'

'Ay,' quo' the first, 'they're unco times we live in,

Fan the thrissils an' whins are overtappin' the brume,

An' thae daft mortals are trowin' tae get to Heaven,

By biggin' big kirks that are aye half-tume.'

'Waur,' quo' the tither, 'faith's clean out o' fashion,

An' love's but a licht thing wi' gowd to be bocht,

The head has nae wit, an' the heart has nae passion

But plannin' aye fu power may eithest be socht;

Nae bonny auld sangs now, but clavers an' clashin',—

Sic wreck in this warld thae wratches hae wrocht.'

'Man,' said the first ane, 'I carena tae see them,

Their faces sae thrawnlike wi' girm'n' an' greed,

Some needin' sairly an' never ane tae gie them,

Ithers haein' plenty an' daein' naething wi'd.'

'Mair,' said the second, 'a whilie I was bidin'
 In a place far they caredna for summer or spring,
 Wi' big stane wa's the bonny sun hidin',
 Makin' licht for themsel's out o' mony queer thing,
 An' kentna the sound o' the wee burn glidin',
 Nor fu the gowans grow an' the wee birds sing.'

'Faith,' quo' the first, 'though it's lanely an' eerie
 Sittin' here wi' the wind comin' cauld down the glen,
 An' wi' livin' sic a lang time we're like tae grow weary,
 Yet I think it's a grand thing we werena made men.'

Syne thae twa elves for a lang while were sittin'
 On the big grey stane there, sae silent an' sma',
 But the bat an' the howlet tae see them cam' flittin'
 Wi' ferlies tae tell fae the far-awa',—
 While I dover'd an' dream'd, till methocht I had wittin'
 That the tane tae the tither said a wordie or twa.

'Thrice three times we hae seen the wids growin',
 New munes an' new suns, an' starns mony ane;
 Till the warld turns better I think we'll bide lown,
 Sittin' like twa taeds i' the heart o' a stane.'

An' the twa sat there baith lauchin' at the notion,
 An' the lauch wi' the burnie cam' ripplin' in tune,
 The trees wagged their heads wi' a merry-like motion,
 The very stars wink't f'ae the lift far abune;
 An' Echo lauch't back f'ae land an' f'ae ocean,
 As they baith slaid awa' in the bricht hair'st-mune.

An' I, left there i' the munelicht's glimmer
 That danced on the burn an' green brae-shelves,
 Thocht the grass grew grey, an' the stars shone dimmer
 For want o' the lauch o' the twa wee elves.

W. A. CRAIGIE.

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Will 'F. W.,' whose address has been lost, kindly send another copy of the verses which, alas! have been mislaid?

A. LANG.

The 'Donna.'

THE EDITOR of LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE begs to acknowledge the receipt of the following contributions. Amounts received after January 11 will be entered in the March number.

T. G. B. 2*l.* F. G. Waugh 3*l.* The Misses Bowen, Donna 4*l.*, Night Refuge 5*l.*, Workroom 5*l.* L. M. N., Night Refuge 2*s.* 6*d.*, Workroom 2*s.* 6*d.* A Poor Widow 3*s.* H. W. Beaumont, Donna 2*l.* 2*s.*, Night Refuge 1*l.* 1*s.*, Workroom 1*l.* 1*s.* H. H. H., Donna 10*s.*, Night Refuge 10*s.* A. H. C., Night Refuge 5*l.* Maidenhead Thicket, Night Refuge 1*l.* 10*s.*, Workroom 1*l.* 10*s.* Lady Plowden 5*l.* N. E. 1*l.* Mrs. Parr 1*l.* 1*s.* W. F. B., Workroom 2*s.* 6*d.*, Night Refuge 2*s.* 6*d.* Argile (Windsor), Donna 5*s.*, Workroom 5*s.* M. G. W. (Rainhill) 5*s.* From a Reader of LONGMAN'S, Donna 10*s.*, Night Refuge 10*s.* Anon. 1*l.* Lord Burton 20*l.* Mrs. Chalk, Donna 3*l.*, Night Refuge 2*l.* T. H. Sherwood, Donna 1*l.* 1*s.*, Night Refuge 1*l.* 1*s.* S. M. W., Workroom 10*s.* H. O., Donna 2*s.* 6*d.*, Workroom 2*s.* 6*d.* Paddy O'Key, Donna 1*s.* 6*d.* Polly, Night Refuge 1*s.* Mr. Ledingham 5*s.* Mrs. and Miss D. Selby 5*s.* J. G. Edwards, Workroom 2*s.* 6*d.*, Night Refuge 2*s.* 6*d.* M. and E. G. Watford, Workroom 5*s.* A. C., Night Refuge 2*s.* 6*d.* E. P. N. 1*l.* C. J. H. 5*s.* M. M. Leicester 5*s.* Mrs. Grant Dalton, Donna 1*l.*, Night Refuge 1*l.* W. H. N. 1*l.* H. A. R. 2*s.* 6*d.* Anon. (Shooter's Hill) 10*s.* 'The Aunts,' Donna 10*s.*, Workroom 10*s.*, Night Refuge 5*s.* W. Murray, Donna 10*s.* 6*d.*, Night Refuge 10*s.* 6*d.* Mrs. Gillespie 10*s.* Lady Barrington 1*l.* 1*s.* F. M. E. 5*s.* Mary Pennell, Donna 10*s.*, Night Refuge 10*s.* Mr. Charles Bere 10*s.* L. W. 3*s.* Miss Elliot, Donna 10*s.*, Night Refuge 10*s.*, Workroom 10*s.* A Friend from Douglas 1*l.* Miss E. Macpherson 10*s.* Broomhill 2*s.* Anon., Workroom 2*s.* F. J. B. 10*s.* W. H. H. 1*l.* 1*s.* Elle 2*s.* 6*d.* Collected by Miss Ryan 5*s.* Mrs. G. Gare 1*l.* 1*s.* Mrs. Radford 1*l.* A Widow 1*l.* E. F. Edwards 10*s.* Sydney and Vere 2*s.* M. F., Night Refuge 2*s.* 6*d.* W. L. J. 1*l.* E. M. S., Night Refuge 2*s.* E. Saunders 2*s.* 6*d.* Miss A. Seager Leach 5*s.* Mrs. Francis Carey 1*l.* The Misses Heisch 10*s.* H. S. S., Donna 1*l.*, Night Refuge 1*l.* H. S. I. S. J., Donna 10*s.*, Night Refuge 10*s.*, Workroom 10*s.* T. F. T. 2*s.* 6*d.* Anon. (Bath) 10*s.* M. L. 5*s.* Mrs. E. E. Chadwick 10*s.* J. W. 10*s.* Rev. C. H. Everett 1*l.* 1*s.* Mrs. W. L. Wigram 3*l.* E. Macpherson 10*s.* Anon. (Edith Road, Ramsgate) 5*s.* G. F. White 5*l.* M. H. R. 2*s.* 6*d.* B. S., Workroom 2*s.* 6*d.* A Socialist 2*s.* 6*d.* Amos 10*s.* H. L. C. 5*s.* Biggs 5*s.* G. H. Longman 1*l.* Mrs. Brodribb 10*s.* G. H. Clarkon 1*l.* The Hon. Lady Elliot, Donna 2*l.*, Night Refuge 2*l.*, Workroom 1*l.* Dr. A. Grant, Donna 5*s.*, Night Refuge 5*s.* W. Hume 3*s.* Two readers of LONGMAN'S, Workroom 5*s.*, Donna 5*s.* W. N., Donna 3*l.*, Night Refuge 2*l.* Also Miss Dryden, parcel of socks with 6*d.* in each pair. Colonel Grylls, clothing, Anon., 12 comforters. A friend at Devonport, scarfs. Mrs. Clarke Lewis, scarfs, M. G. M., socks. A Lady, muffetees and comforter. Miss Potter, Ringley, cuffs, mittens, &c. The Misses Longman 1*l.*

Miss Trench has received from Anon. 5*s.*; M. L. and E. W. (Croydon) 7*s.* 6*d.*; Mrs. Cowie 1*s.*; Miss Spence 1*s.*

The Sisters have received the following direct:—West Dean, 2 scarves; Miss Bowens, 2 dozen socks, 2 shirts; Mrs. Wray, clothing; Mrs. Ryan, socks; W.

